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## TO THE DEAR CHILDREN

*In my own home, loving and beloved, whose  
presence has kept keen and fresh  
the interest in which this book  
has been written.*

"I think the immortal servants of mankind  
Who from their graves watch by how slow degrees  
The World-Soul greatens with the centuries,  
Mourn most man's barren levity of mind;  
The ear to no grave harmonies inclined;  
The witless search for false wit's worthless lees;  
The laugh mistimed in tragic presences;  
The eye to all majestic meanings blind.  
O prophets, martyrs, saviors, ye were great,  
All truth being great to you; ye deemed man more  
Than a dull jest, God's ennui to amuse;  
The world for you held purport; Life ye wore  
Proudly, as Kings their solemn robes of state,  
And humbly, as the mightiest monarchs use."

WILLIAM WATSON.

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## INTRODUCTION

The title of Dr. Stimson's book — *THE RIGHT LIFE* — expresses accurately its content. It deals with what is fundamentally right in principle and in conduct.

Conduct, says Matthew Arnold, is three-fourths of life. If conduct, which is the greater part of life, is to be consistently and permanently right, it must not be resigned to impulse or guided by caprice. It should be founded on principles which will guide the mind in perplexity and enable it to resist the assaults of temptation. Whence these principles are derived is a philosophic question upon which there is much difference, and room for much difference, of opinion. The principles themselves, however, are well ascertained and are set forth by Dr. Stimson with a clearness of enunciation and a wealth of illustration that will bring them home to all minds.

The application of these principles to various phases of conduct that concern all of whatever age, but particularly young men and young women whose minds are still in the formative stage, occupies the greater part of the book. I wish that all young men and young wom-

en, say of the age to attend a high school, would read and "inwardly digest" these chapters. The admonitions, if heeded, would save them, perchance, many bitter hours of remorse, and lead to happier, braver, purer lives.

Side by side with our marvelous national and commercial development has flowed a swelling current of interest in humanitarian effort; the rising tide of wealth has been paralleled by an ever-increasing flow of gifts to charity and education. Rightly have we been called the most idealistic of nations as well as the most material. Through this seeming conflict of ideals has arisen a keener questioning as to the function of religion and the relation of actual life to the life of the spirit. Teachers are inquiring as to the possibility of emphasizing the spiritual side of life in education; and conscientious parents, observing the influence of the churches relax, are seeking for aids to bring the principles of religion into the home. Neither sermons nor manuals of ethics supply the need. I indulge the hope that it is met, in no small degree, by Dr. Stimson's book. Sound in its standards, clear and helpful in its explanations, it will exert an influence that cannot fail to be beneficial.

WILLIAM H. MAXWELL,

City Superintendent of Schools.

*New York City,*

*Jan. 1905.*

## PREFACE

There comes a time in the life of young people when questions arise which are new, or have been hitherto left unanswered. As children we are told what to do; we accept authority and are influenced chiefly by example. Ethics in the grammar schools means little more than the rules of conduct the teacher enjoins, for which the personality of the teacher is the inspiration and the model, and the word of the teacher the law.

But even there the wise teacher seeks to awaken inquiry, to stimulate self-activity, and to prepare the way for the founding of character upon principle. For this clear thinking is needed, and the aim of this book is, incidentally, to help such teachers to a sure grasp of fundamentals, and to point out the lines of their application.

But the more serious need appears in the high schools and academies, where, under the influence of adolescence, young people begin to ask new questions, and the real problems of life arise. Then a new method is required. It is no longer sufficient to be told, either at home or in school, what others deem right or what others do. Even the most docile of children begin to think for themselves and awake to the necessity of forming their own conclusions. It is a demand as desirable as it is natural and inevitable.

At this point the weakness of our present system of education is chiefly felt. The vast majority of the pupils in the secondary schools do not go on to college. Those who do, come to college so often with evil habits formed and wrong views of life adopted, that when philosophy and ethics are taken up as definite studies, it is too late. Character, for better or worse, is in large degree already fixed.

For the multitude of young people who do not go to college the case is still worse. For them little or no adequate instruction in morals

is provided in the schools. What is needed for all is not merely such moral instruction as they may receive incidentally, in the school or out of it, but instruction sufficiently philosophical in its scope and scientific in its method to serve for laying permanent foundations of character, and for establishing views of life and duty that will not be overthrown, or require to be relaid, under the stress of the experience or more advanced studies of later life.

This need is quite as keenly felt in the home as in the school. Parents are at one with teachers in their increasing desire to have this work done. Indeed the demand for it has become imperative. It is the ground for the most serious attack upon our whole modern educational system, and has brought out the most general confession of helplessness on the part of thoughtful teachers. Even where there is reliance upon the teaching of the church and Sunday school, this broad ethical teaching is requisite as a foundation.

The problem is, What form shall such teaching take?

A book for young people on *The Right Life* will necessarily differ in form from an ordinary text-book. It deals not with things to be learned so much as with things to be recognized. It appeals to the intelligence and the reason. It must honestly answer serious questions and treat the actual problems that arise in the life of the young people of to-day, and it must treat them from the standpoint of life as a whole. It must be sufficiently broad and thorough adequately to meet the situation, and, while it may begin with the discussion of principles, it must quickly advance to practical matters. It must be thorough, but it must also be readable. It must rest upon truths which everyone will accept, and show their meaning and importance in such a way as shall bear fruit in right conduct. It will fail if it does not prove interesting, and if it is not seen to be immediately helpful.

This book will be found to cover considerable ground, particularly in the opening parts, but it

is all closely related to the main purpose, and necessary, if, on the subjects in hand, our thinking is to be clear and sound. The separate chapters deal with distinct themes which can be conveniently made the material of a single short lesson that will naturally take the form of a discussion, to be amplified by illustration drawn from the life of the school. Much more might have been said, as, for example, in the chapter on Sex, or on Sport; but in each instance the subject has been opened with sufficient fulness to show its relations to the main argument, and to awaken the inquiry which discussion should satisfy. It gives the earnest teacher ample opportunity for enlargement and application.

If a teacher or parent will take up the book in the middle, perhaps with one of the chapters in Part V., "The Rules of the Game," and introduce it to boys or girls at that point, it should awaken an interest which a conference of fifteen or twenty minutes should deepen into intelligent convictions. It will be easy then to turn to other similar chapters; and in this way an



interest in the whole subject will be aroused that will lead to a careful reading of the book from beginning to end. The more thoughtful minds will probably want to do this at the outset, for the book as a whole is in scientific form and is offered as a completed argument.

Its underlying philosophy, it may be well to say, is that Intuitionist Philosophy which has stood the test of time and is in our day having such a strong and desirable rehabilitation. It furnishes a harmonious and satisfactory interpretation of life, and should make a Right Life both attractive and attainable. The book therefore does not propose any new theory of life or advocate any new teaching which might be set aside to-morrow; its claim to novelty lies only in the application and the method of treatment, which are an attempt to meet the needs of the hour. It is modestly offered in the hope that it will prove interesting and stimulating to the young people for whom it is intended, as well as helpful to their teachers and to parents who are casting about for books to guide the discussion

## PREFACE

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of the many perplexing questions which are now arising in the home.

H. A. S.

*New York City,*

*February 1st, 1905.*

*"Nevertheless it is open to serious question which I leave to the reader's pondering, whether, among national manufactures, that of souls of a good quality may not at last turn out a quite highly lucrative one? Nay, in some far-away and yet undreamt-of hour, I can even imagine that England may cast all thoughts of possessing wealth back to the barbaric nations among whom they first arose; and that while the sands of the Indus and adamant of Golconda may stiffen the housings of the charger, and flash from the turban of the slave, she, as a Christian mother, may at last attain to the virtues and the treasures of a heathen one, and be able to lead forth her sons, saying: 'These are my jewels.'"*

RUSKIN — "Unto this Last," II.

# PART I

## THE FACTS OF LIFE



## CHAPTER I

### ONESELF

We all have to do our own thinking. Others may help us; but before any thinking becomes to us a conclusion, and leads to action, it must be in some degree accepted and made our own.

The thoughts or opinions which we hold as our own often prove to be like cabins built on the bank of a stream. They are safe enough and solid enough at the time; but unexpectedly the stream rises, and away they go. The stream of our thinking suddenly deepens; we encounter new experiences; strange questions are asked; springs of thought are opened far deeper and fuller than we had knowledge of, and the whole current of our inner life seems to change. Many things that we thought settled and true beyond a question are swept

away. Indeed, we sometimes seem to have drifted out upon an ocean where there are no moorings and where no shore appears. Nothing is true, and nothing is sure, except that we are "all at sea."

It is important, therefore, that in whatever thinking we do, particularly upon matters that are of moment and bear upon the conduct of life, we ask, so far as we can, if not the hardest, the deepest questions, and that we grasp, if possible, those truths which are sure. There are certain truths that have stood the test of the centuries and can always be confirmed by appeal to the common human experience. Some of these are at times swept away, as the old idea that the sun revolves around the earth, which had been held for centuries and which every man's experience seemed to confirm. But for all that, to begin with those few simple truths which will stand this test is the best we can do; and, as a matter of fact, it yields the very best results; it brings conviction and peace of mind and strength for the duties of life. The young

Octavius, despite his questioning, soon became the most resolute man in Rome.

There are some questions which seem ridiculous when we first hear them, but are much pressed by some thinkers and have upset the convictions of many. How do we know, for example, that we ourselves exist; or that we can trust the reality of our feelings and experiences, or the conclusions of our thinking, or that there is any sense in what we call reason? When we say that we see a thing, what we mean is that a picture of that thing is made by the light upon the retina of our eye, and that we are conscious of that. From that we conclude that the tree, or horse, or person, whose picture is formed in our eye, is there, where we say we see him. And when we say that we feel an object, we mean that we have a sensation in our finger tips which we have learned to associate with a particular object and we conclude that the object is there. But when skating at night, for instance, we fall and bang our head, we see stars that are not in the sky;



and we discover that, not infrequently, we have sensations in the skin like those of touch, which do not correspond to any external object. In fact, we can see, and feel, and hear things which do not exist. How then can we be sure that anything exists? Furthermore, our body is changing all the time, by wear and growth, perhaps wholly changing in a very brief term of years; where and what, then, is this which I call myself? Is there such a reality; can it give proof of itself; can its testimony be accepted; can what it does be known; can its doings and its judgments be trusted?

Manifestly before we go further we must find some satisfactory answers to these questions, for they lie at the beginning of all thought. Fortunately the answers are not far to seek. That there may be thought there must be a thinker. By whatever method this thinker, whom I call myself, communicates with the outside world, by sight, or hearing, or touch, or speech, he must exist himself, and he must know himself. Otherwise he could not

think. His thinking also must be trustworthy to himself, or it would not be thinking, that is an orderly arranging of thoughts with reference one to another, and with reference to conclusions from them, and judgments about them. All this is what we mean by thinking, and, as a matter of fact, this is what each one of us does. We know this of ourselves. When we cannot do this, or are in doubt whether we can or not, we say we are ill, are, so far, not ourselves. When others discover that we cannot do it, they say we are insane, not whole, not sound.

The point to be observed is that we can, indeed that we must, trust this testimony. Each of us can properly say, I know that I am. I am myself, the same self I was yesterday and every day since I had conscious existence. I have this consciousness of myself, and I must trust it if I am to think at all.

This consciousness, also, can be trusted in what it tells me about myself. It tells me that in some manner I dwell within my body, and

that my body serves me. The eyes, the ears, the nerves, the muscles, the brain, all are my servants, each it may be in a different way, but all finding their reason for being in their service of me. I may not understand their method of service, I may abuse or be ignorant of them, but they exist for me, and the better I know them, the more I care for them, the better is their service and the more complete my own well-being.

My existence then I know; my consciousness of myself I am sure of; my inward processes of thought and feeling and reason and self-expression I can trust, for, if not, I cannot think at all. Any doubt, therefore, raised at this point strikes at my right to think, and can have no place in a reasonable discussion.

Furthermore, I find that there are about me other selves, men and women, boys and girls; can I have the same confidence as to them that I have as to myself? Do they exist as I exist; do they have the same sure knowledge of themselves that I have of myself; do they think and

feel and act as I do, that is, by the same methods and with the same ground for confidence?

These at first seem foolish questions. But they are pressed and answered in the negative by some people, and upon a right answer depends all our future thinking.

I cannot examine these other selves as I have examined myself. I have no means of access to their self. In regard to any one of them, I may easily make a mistake, for in approaching them I must use my bodily senses, I must see, or feel, or hear them, and I am by no means sure that when I use my senses I use them in a perfectly trustworthy way. It is quite possible that I may think I see, or feel, or hear, what I do not. In this connection I find that I may be mistaken and even deceived. The phonograph for example may give me the sound of my friend's voice, but he is not there, however exact may be the tones.

But while my senses do bring me much valuable information about these people around me, I am by no means dependent upon the tes-

timony of my senses to know that they are each a real self, like myself. I am, indeed, prepared to believe it the moment the question is asked. I can think of no reason why if I find that I can trust, that indeed I must trust, the testimony of my own consciousness about myself, they may not do the same with their knowledge of themselves. Indeed, there is every presumption that they can do this, and, so far as I have testimony concerning them through my senses, they seem to be doing exactly this; they are acting on the strength of this conviction, they live after the same fashion that I live, they think and reason and plan and move with assured confidence in themselves as thinking beings. I am confident that anyone of them would be offended, and perhaps think me crazy or impudent, if I should imply that he did not.

Back of all this, thinking implies something to think about, and while I may at first find plenty to think about in myself, like a bear living in the winter on his own fat, or a snake taking his tail in his mouth and proceeding to

swallow himself, I find it easy to believe that there must be other and more permanently satisfying food for thought beyond. What more natural, therefore, than that there should be other thinkers? So that when we have proceeded so far as to be able to trust the evidence that we ourselves exist, we are not long detained over the question of the existence of others. This at once opens the whole world of human life with relation to ourselves and other people.

## CHAPTER II

### THE UNIVERSE

As a thinker is a person, he requires a place. We mean by that that this self of whom we are talking and concerning whom we have satisfied ourselves that he exists, exists somewhere; he is not a mere thought; he has surroundings and a local habitation; he can be found. We are prepared then for the testimony which our senses give us of the world without. The senses are manifestly the channels through which we gain knowledge of the outer world in which we live, and the instruments by which we put it to our immediate use. At certain times and in certain particular instances our senses may deceive us, but, taken as a whole, we have learned to trust them. We have perfectly satisfactory evidence that the world of things exists. When we strike our head against the corner of

the mantelpiece we know not only that we are hurt, but also that the mantelpiece is there and has hurt us. The evidence of the one fact is for some reason quite as conclusive as the other. We may make light of the hurt, but that does not change our conviction. The person who tells us that we only think we are hurt, and then proceeds to say that we only think there is a mantelpiece, at once puts himself outside the realm of what we know. And we know that we know, so that further argument is wasted.

We quickly discover that this outside world is of vast extent and has wonderful properties. We call it the Universe. It is vast enough to satisfy our imagination, and varied enough to supply all our needs. It is made up of many diverse parts and takes on many forms, but in time we discover that it has a wonderful unity. As a whole, and in its parts, it seems to differ entirely from ourself. In some peculiar way we are in it, but we are not of it. We can see it; it is necessary to us; it occupies us and ministers to us in endless ways; our senses are all adjusted



to it; we do not know how we could live apart from it.

So we come to think of it as one vast existence, the world of things. It does not tell us how it came to be or what it is to become, but it has an existence of its own. Its parts all play into and belong to one another. There is no star so far away but that its influence is felt by the earth. Spots on the sun affect the health, and even the life, of every man, and of all the plants, the rainfall and the character of the seasons. While at the other end of the scale of existence there are unseen myriads of living things that make the rocks, fertilize the soil, and move upon every form of life, until we find them creating or destroying our own bodies.

We discover what we call the Laws, or the Law, of Nature. Things are so related to one another that certain methods are found to be fixed. If an apple falls from a tree to the ground, all apples loosened from their stems will fall, and everything else, to the stars

above, will feel the same impulse and tend to move in the same direction. The more we know of the universe, the more extended and the more invariable is seen to be this uniformity of method. We speak of it as a relation of Cause and Effect. Certain events not only follow certain other events, they are produced by them, the one is the cause of the other. So we come to speak of a law which governs all. The universe, or the world of things, is so completely one that it must be thought of as a whole; it has a movement or a life of its own.

It also is very beautiful. It has a charm for us quite apart from its usefulness. We stand beneath the stars, we gaze upon the glories of the setting sun, we are wrapped about with the mystic mantle of the moonlight, we look off upon the mid-summer landscape with its shimmering fields of green, its cloud-flecked meadows, its rounded hills, its embowered homes; we are awed in the solitudes of ragged mountain summits, or in the heaving waste of mid-ocean; we retreat before the rushing splen-

dor of the mighty wave leaping over the great rocks; we are enraptured by the delicate beauty of the tiniest flower, or the flash of the trout in the mountain brook, or the first song of the returning robin; everywhere there is beauty and charm.

Wordsworth tells us how even the plainer and more common aspects of nature can surprise us with their appeal. He says:

“There was a boy: ye knew him well, ye cliffs  
And islands of Winander! Many a time,  
At evening, when the earliest stars began  
To move along the edges of the hills,  
Rising or setting, would he stand alone,  
Beneath the trees, or by the glimmering lake:  
And there, with fingers interwoven, with hands  
Uplifted, he, as through an instrument,  
Blew mimic hootings to the silent owls,  
That they might answer him—and they would  
shout  
Across the watery vale, and shout again,  
Responsive to his call—with quivering peals,  
And long halloos, and screams, and echoes loud  
Redoubled and redoubled; concourse wild  
Of mirth and jocund din! And, when it  
chanced

That pauses of deep silence mocked his skill,  
Then sometimes in that silence, while he hung  
Listening, a gentle shock of mild surprise  
Has carried far into his heart the voice  
Of mountain torrents: or the visible scene  
Would enter unawares into his mind  
With all its solemn imagery, its rocks,  
Its woods, and that uncertain heaven, received  
Into the bosom of the steady lake."

Nature does something more than feed and  
house us. It has a ministry for that which is  
within. It addresses, in some deep true sense  
it belongs to my self. If there can come

"Even from the meanest flower that blows  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears,"

although they may come seldom; then, before I  
can really know myself, or fully be myself, or  
truly live the life for which I am made, I must  
know about the world of things, and try to un-  
derstand it, and what my relations to it really  
are.

## CHAPTER III

### THE WORLD OF MEN

As the world of things is a unity and has a life of its own, so the world of men has unity and a life of its own. These Other Selves whom I discover about me in the universe are not simply so many separate individuals living side by side; they are bound together into something of a common life. They influence one another powerfully. They seem to move forward or backward in civilization together. They are governed by common influences and impulses. They make a community. They have laws of existence not unlike the laws of nature.

There are different accounts of the way in which human society came into being. There are those who think that it arose from the influence of war and the necessities of self-defense. As wild animals combine to destroy

their enemies or capture their prey, as the wolves hunt in the pack, and the stags must stand together for defense, so it is said primitive man was driven to unite with his kind to protect himself against wild beasts and other men. It is this necessity that has been the chief influence in drawing men together and creating and sustaining the various forms of human organization. The struggle for existence has always been sharp, and this force of competition and greed and strife, like that of the Romans and the Sabines, or of the Greek states among themselves, is thought to have been the dominant one.

Others would lay chief emphasis upon the idea of combination for the general good. As beavers combine to build their dams, and bees and ants store their food and make their homes, so men early learned the value of unity and organizing for the common well being and service; and it is this continual recognition of the worth of united effort and interest that has been the chief influence in human progress. When

men wanted clothes or weapons they were not long in discovering that it was in every way better, it involved less expenditure of effort and produced better results, to have some devote themselves to the making of the needed articles, than for each to make them for himself. All had not the same skill: men take pleasure in doing what they can do best; thus, by a common impulse, the reason for which enforced itself every day, men divided themselves into many and varied occupations, and human society began and has continued under the chief and beneficent influence of a force which is constructive and works in the lines of man's higher nature. This force appeared in the union of the American colonies and draws great nations into peaceful relations to-day.

But be this dominant force as it may, the fact is that we know very little of the actual history of the formative period of human society, and still less of "primitive man." We can observe the savage of to-day and study his ways and argue back from him to what we imagine were

the beginnings of human history. And we have a few scattered remains of men as "cave-dwellers" and the like; but they have left no record of their thoughts or organized life, and we have no instances of their development, slow and labored as it must have been, into anything like civilization. In fact, the earliest records that we have reveal an already high civilization, with arts and letters and refinement that are not below comparison with the best. How all this came into being we may not say. It is sufficient to recognize that man's continued existence on the earth has always depended upon his ability to establish a community. This community is what we know as human society.

Men no longer exist simply as individuals; they are parts of a whole. Whether a man will or not, he must accept life as a shared estate; hence there have grown many relations and obligations that are binding upon all. Certain conventionalities have to be observed, and the individual is no longer free to do as he pleases. He is promptly made to suffer in body



and estate, or in public esteem, if he disregards them. The community adopts certain forms of courtesy, men bow in passing, they touch their hats, or give place to ladies, they use measured speech, they keep to the right or the left in the road, and no one can disregard these customs, or any others which mark the settled life of the community, without in a measure arraying himself against the community and being shut out from the benefits of life within it. Even these things, slight as they may be, are found to bear upon life and character.

The same is true in more important relations. The community must do business among its members; its very existence depends upon it; and there quickly grow up certain customs and methods which acquire the force of law. Exchange of one article of use for another in barter gives place to general trade, with accounts and an accepted medium of exchange. Money appears, and that by means of which far the larger part of the world's business is conducted, commercial credit. A man's character for truth and

honesty and industry has a financial value; it affects most intimately the welfare of others; the community has commanding reasons for establishing a manner of life for him which tells powerfully upon his morals and his character.

There are still other relations carrying obligations quite as powerful as those of business or of custom. Men find that they have a personal interest in each other. Relations of love, of pity, of sympathy, of care, exist in all directions. The community is concerned for the children, the sick, the poor, the aged, for all have feelings of pleasure or of pain in regard to them, and the welfare of all is affected by their neglect or abuse. What we call the natural affections, the love of husband and wife, and of parent and child, tenderness toward the weak and suffering, neighborly kindness, and the like, are reinforced by the law of the community, or in their perversion are sharply corrected. If a man is disposed to be ugly in temper, harsh, cruel, selfish, he is made to feel the pressure at least of public opinion. Conscious-

ly or unconsciously the community declares itself; it is a steady and greatly effective moral force. Indeed history proves that any community which is indifferent in this direction plants the seeds of its own destruction and cannot hope to survive.

Thus human brotherhood comes to have a very large meaning. No man lives to himself. The meaning of life cannot be discerned; the tests of character, and the forces that make for character, cannot be determined; the nature of morals cannot be fully understood; nor our personal duties known, until we consider ourselves each as a part of human society, until we have recognized what we know as our Social Obligation.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE NATION

The man without a country is a curiosity. We know men only as belonging somewhere; some land is native to them; some place is home; some flag is supposed to protect them; to some country they owe allegiance. Patriotism we regard as common to every heart: we would pity any man who does not have it.

We ask then, what is a nation? A nation is a collection of people permanently occupying a particular territory, and having a common language, common traditions, a common government and generally a common religion.

The land does not constitute the nation, but it powerfully influences it. Men of the hills, or of the plains, of the inland, or of the sea, have always differed widely. The romantic love of the Swiss for his country is due quite as much

to the grandeur of its mountains as to the splendor of its history. The English and the Greeks are of widely different stock, but have been alike affected by a homeland, small, bounded on all sides by the sea deeply indenting the shore with many comfortable harbors, and picturesque with its endless variety of mountain and valley and fertile plain. We of America would be a far different people, taking a very different attitude toward the overflowing to us of the nations of the world, and permitted to live less largely aloof from their rivalries and quarrels, if it were not for the vast and fertile expanse of our territory, with its amazing resources, and its mighty oceans on either side, at once invitations to commerce and barriers for defense.

Oneness of language also is a distinguishing element in the making of a nation. It is not often an absolute oneness, but one language dominates and is characteristic. The influence of speech is so subtle and constant that it would be interesting if we could trace it in the

thoughts and habits of a people. We have a distinct conception of the French or the Germans or the Italians or the English, because of the speech they use. Our thoughts, we are aware, not only avail themselves of the language we speak, but are shaped by it; and the acquisition of a new language opens to us what seems a new world of thought. It is not strange, therefore, that a common speech should constitute an important part of the life of a nation, should give it its individual character, so far separating it from others, and should lay hold of the affections of its inhabitants. Love of one's mother tongue is one of the strands in the cord that binds us to our native land, and patriotism must always find its truest expression in the familiar dialect of home.

By common traditions we mean the habits and the history, the customs, the manner of life and thought, the methods of education, the ideals we cherish, the tales we tell our children, the songs we sing, the forms of civil government we have built up and love, the fashion of our

houses and even of our dress, all, in short, that enters into our common life as a people, and distinguishes us from others in these many little things which together make up the sum of what the Romans would have called our *cultus*. They constitute the setting for our memories and affections, and fashion our sentiments. They are the real Lares and Penates of the earlier day, and are quite as large a part of the land we love as are the hills and valleys, the homes, and even the folks of our childhood.

A nation also requires a government. It does not so much matter what is its form, even though the citizen must say of it as Touchstone does of Audrey in the play: "An ill-favored thing," if he can add with him, "but mine own." The story of England is told in the history of her kings and her Parliament; of Russia in her czars; of Germany in her emperor and the Imperial Diet; as of the United States in Congress and the President. The government shapes the life of the people, as it in turn reflects their spirit and temper. It

creates and represents the unity of the national life; a nation loses its identity if it is long without a controlling central government, or if that government so frequently changes as to lose its continuity.

A religion generally accepted by the citizens is regarded by some as essential to the conception of a nation. It certainly is one of the most powerful and most permanent of the forces that give a people the oneness of life and thought that we associate with the idea of a nation; and, as a matter of fact, every nation in history has its definite and characteristic form of religious faith and worship.

From all this it is seen how real a thing is a nation. It has its place in the world of men, acting and reacting upon other nations and powerfully influencing the life of every individual within it. Its outward relations have given rise to a whole body of obligations and rights which are described and defined in what is known as International Law; while, in relation to its citizens, it bestows powers, creates duties



and inspires sentiments which are enduring as life itself. The word of the French soldier to the surgeon operating on the wound in his chest, "Cut a little deeper and you will find the image of the emperor," is only the expression of a feeling that has carried multitudes to a voluntary and cheerful death for their country. Patriotism is not a blind instinct. It is an intelligent love. "Our country" means a life that has been lived, and is living, on this particular soil, by a community, using one language, governed by one purpose, recognizing one set of ruling principles, and sharing common traditions; a life embodied in many individuals who consent together to be one people, of which we are a part. Love of our country means love for all this. Our country is something not created yesterday; it is the handiwork and growth of centuries; its roots are in the ancient past, where are to be sought the beginnings of its institutions; it is venerable with antiquity, precious because of its history and the lives that have been given to it, rich as with a

vast treasury of love and effort and struggle and thought and costly sacrifice, increasingly right because of its long warfare against evil within and without that has always threatened its existence and contended for its destruction; beautiful, therefore, both for the ideal it represents and the progress it has made toward that ideal; and to be loved for what it now is in itself, and for all it contains of future promise for the welfare of mankind. The last words of the patriot martyr, Nathan Hale, "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country," were testimony to the value of a possession which in noble minds transcends all others. Political corruption may threaten, anarchy may attack and individual suffering and oppression may discredit it, but it still remains Our Country, to be loved and cherished and served.

It is easy to see that in any thorough discussion of moral obligations those that grow out of our duty to the state cannot be overlooked.

Mephistopheles said to the fellow students of Faust: "They will teach you the law of the

Persians, of the Greeks, of the Romans, of the feudal lord, of the absolute king, but the inherent right which each man brings with him at birth they will never teach you." The purpose of public education is to awaken in every one's heart this feeling of the dignity which belongs to him in common with his neighbors as citizens of the land he loves.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE FAMILY

Back of the Nation, and prior to Human Society, is the Family. Our conscious existence begins there as a bird's in the nest. Human society began in the same way. There were a man, a woman and a child; that was a family, and the beginning of the race.

The difference between the beginning of life in the plant or animal and man is great. In some respects they are the same. All have life bestowed upon them. The plant, the animal, the man, all come into being endowed with life as a gift. They have not produced it; it is the outcome of an existence that has preceded them. They live whether they will or not, and must face the conditions and responsibilities of life as they are found already shaped for them. Each has also its own determining traits: the

man is white or black, the animal, dog or cat, the plant bramble or blackberry, or whatever it may be, from the start. It also has its individual endowments. There is such endless variety in nature that we are amazed before it. No two things are alike. Scientific men say that even cells have something of individuality, and probably, if we had power to discern, it would be discovered that no two atoms are identical. Each living thing has also to accept the law of its nature and adapt itself at once and continuously to its surroundings that it may live. So far they all are alike. But at this point the difference begins.

Man stands in a place of his own, and the Family determines it. It is true we speak of families of plants, but it is only a figure of speech. The individual plant, however it is related to others by origin or nature, stands alone. It works out its own life, produces its particular contribution to the continuance of the species, receives what others have to bestow, and passes away. The animals in their lower forms are

almost as sporadic. The insects, the fishes in the sea, begin and live each for himself. The higher animals, birds and mammals for example, have parents who care for them, perhaps brothers and sisters whose life they share. But it is only for a brief period. It establishes no permanent relations. It creates no recognized filial obligations. Once out of the nest, once turned adrift by the parents, the offspring is as the stranger, at most one of the flock or a member of the pack.

But when we come to man there is a difference, and the difference is emphasized as man rises in the scale of existence and separates himself from the animal. Obligations are created at his birth which are binding and permanent. Parentage is intensified and sonship gains a new significance. Brotherhood also exhibits bonds which are not to be broken. The child finds himself possessed of faculties which are peculiarly dependent, and which cannot be fully developed apart from these new conditions. In a word, the Family has appeared, and human

life and human society are to unfold from it. We have in it the real unit both of the state and of the world of men.

When we examine the Family more closely we find that it begins in affections which are exclusive. It arises in the choice of one man for one woman. It, so far, separates them from all others, and in so doing involves mutual sacrifices and creates mutual obligations which are henceforth binding forever. It is true that they may be violated or disregarded, but they cannot be escaped. That man and that woman will never again be the same, either in their own eyes or in the eyes of the world, that they were before their union, no matter what their subsequent conduct toward each other.

When children are given them, their mutual bonds become stronger and new obligations arise. These also may be disregarded, but not without injury to themselves. Upon them rests the responsibility of the care of the children, and of their nurture. This extends as well to their moral and mental nature as to their

physical; and it never altogether ceases. In time it becomes a joint care with a gradually shifting responsibility, until the state fixes an age, generally twenty-one years, when as an adult the child is held responsible for himself; but in fact the relation does not change. The parental affection which, true to itself, has through the years found its expression in daily and nightly care and hourly solicitude and abiding tenderness is not governed by the almanac, or to be suddenly arrested by the flight of years.

Men and women often enter into this relationship with little or no thought of what it involves, but they soon discover that the past of their individual lives has strangely faded into unimportance. The present has become charged with new responsibilities, and the future has many anxieties; but they also discover that they have gained new joys which are the sweetest and most enduring satisfactions of life. The love of husband and wife ripens and blossoms into the love of parents and children.



The new anxieties and cares open new wells of happiness, and lives that otherwise would be narrow and selfish, broaden and are enriched with the most sanctifying and enlightening of human experiences. They see their lives continued in the lives of their children. Their affections are deepened, their interests are kept fresh, their points of contact with life are multiplied, their youth is renewed; they find their sweetest reward in the well-being of those they love. Long ago a wise man of the rarest gifts and the richest personal experience, at the close of his full and beneficent life, wrote, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth."

Obviously their place in the family creates commanding duties for the children. A whole group of obligations grows out of it, responding to the benefits received and blossoming into the most beautiful traits of individual character and the most fruitful elements of human society. Those who have been loved much are sure to love much in return. Children brought up

in a home where affection has reigned, and such homes abound in all ranks of society, and even in a home where the harsher or more selfish aspects of life have supplied to them only necessary care and protection, find themselves called to give care and service and love in return. As a matter of course and in recognition of a duty which is as natural as life, the older children care for the younger ones, and all, in time, if need be, for the parents. "Isn't that big baby too heavy for you?" said a lady to a little girl staggering under the weight of a child in her arms. "Why, no!" was the answer. "He's my brother!" And there is no more beautiful scene in life than a strong son tenderly caring for an aged father, or a daughter gently ministering to the declining years of a gray-haired mother. So early, so permanent, and so imperative are these obligations that arise in the family, that it may almost be said that morality begins there, and never passes altogether beyond the bounds of the family.

## CHAPTER VI

### GOD

One fact of existence remains, the greatest of all, namely, God. We cannot avoid the question, "Who made us? and who made the stars?" Very little children ask it, and if we cease to ask it, it is only because it is satisfactorily answered, or we have ceased to think. Things certainly have not made themselves. Life as we see it is everywhere an inheritance, a gift. If we find one thing breaking forth out of another, as the chicken from the egg, or the sprout from the onion, we know it is only because the beginnings of the new life were in some way placed within the egg and the onion.

We may follow back a series, but it gives us no light. The ashes came from the log; the log was a part of the oak; the oak grew from an acorn; the acorn came from elsewhere, and

sprouted by taking up into itself parts of the soil; and the soil is made of many ingredients, each with a history. We run our finger along the links of the chain; but where did the first link come from, and who made the chain?

Nature does not answer our question, and Science does not, for Science is only concerned with facts as they are, not with the beginning of all, or with what lies behind all. Science tells us how one thing is connected with another. It breaks things up, and shows their parts. It reunites them or changes their form. It teaches us the laws that govern these changes; and as knowledge increases, it discloses the oneness of law in all material existence. It helps us to understand things that are, by information about things that were before them. It unravels the process by which things evolve or come one out of another, in what seems an unending progression. It is all very interesting; it makes the knowledge of nature very necessary if we would know anything as it is; but it tells us nothing about the beginning of all

things. And it makes no approach to telling; it does not pretend to tell; it disclaims all such knowledge. The chemist of to-day, with all his exact knowledge of the elements, knows as little about it as the alchemist of a thousand years ago with his ignorance of them all.

How then can we answer our questions? Who made me, and who made the universe? We must find our answer in another direction. We know that we are different from the things about us. We say we are persons. We can think and plan and feel and do. Whoever therefore made the earth and us must be a person; he too must think and plan and feel and do. If there is a Maker of all, He must at least be like this. We have learned to trust our own reasoning processes; and they enable us to see this very clearly and be persuaded of it.

When we think of such a Maker of all, a person who might be known and perhaps loved, the thought gives us pleasure; it seems to satisfy us; it corresponds to something within us

that wanted just that knowledge. We say that we seem made to know God, and we find a sense of rest in the thought of Him. We have no proof of Him that we can measure and weigh and show to other people, but the more we dwell upon it the more it carries its own proof for us; and the more carefully and thoughtfully we live believing it to be true, the stronger and happier and better our lives become.

When we turn to look at other men we find that this belief has had the same effect upon them. According as men have believed in a Maker of all who is before all and above all, and to whom all things belong, their own lives have been the better. He has been for them the guide and explanation of life. So long have men been persuaded of this that some twenty-five hundred or more years ago a thoughtful man wrote that only "the fool" says in his heart there is no God. It seemed to him so unreasonable not to believe in God that he could not understand how any man knowing himself could doubt it. Human na-

ture to-day is the same. We need God, and to try to get rid of the belief in God is like trying to use our eyes without supplying them with light.

When we turn to the natural world a new interest appears. If it is God's world, then He is to be seen in it: "the earth declares the glory of God, and the firmament showeth His handiwork." The beauty which everywhere appears as the most striking feature of nature, is a revelation of God, as His thought is in all, and His care is over all. Everything is eloquent of God, and the heart of man answers to the heart of the universe. Addison's Hymn of two hundred years ago only translates into English speech the song that nature and man have been singing through the ages:

The spacious firmament on high,  
With all the blue ethereal sky,  
The spangled heavens, a shining frame,  
Their great Original proclaim.  
The unwearied sun, from day to day  
Does his Creator's power display,  
And publishes to every land  
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,  
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,  
And rightly to the listening earth  
Repeats the story of her birth;  
While all the stars around her burn,  
And all the planets in their turn  
Confirm the tidings as they roll,  
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all  
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?  
What though no real voice nor sound  
Amid the radiant orbs be found?  
In reason's ear they all rejoice,  
And utter forth a glorious voice;  
Forever singing, as they shine,  
"The Hand that made us is divine."

We believe in God because only so can existence be accounted for, because the belief alone furnishes the key to life; because nature is eloquent of God; because Law requires a Lawgiver, and because there is that in our own hearts which responds to the belief, so that we find strength and rest in Him.

This, then, is the series of facts of existence, beginning with oneself and ascending through



the world of men and things to God. It embraces all that is. If we can discover our place and learn our relations and just obligations within this realm, we shall know all there is to be known of duty and of life. No obligation can arise outside it, and no desire fail of satisfaction within. To use the words of Mr. Gladstone, with which John Morley closes the life of that great statesman, we shall be "inspired with the belief that life is a great and noble calling, not a mean and groveling thing, that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny." We have only to learn the law that governs it, and how it is to be applied.

PART II

THE LAW OF LIFE



## CHAPTER I

### MOTION AND CAUSE

The most novel fact that Science tells us to-day is that everything is in motion; energy is everywhere, and every thing responds to it. Not only do all things feel and respond to the pressure of force coming to them from without, but everything, no matter how small or how great, throbs with the pressure of unmeasured force within. We look into the heavens and observe the stars, we watch the clouds, we feel the wind, we note the change of the seasons and the growth of the plants, we regard the silent flow of the river, we know that frost and rain and sun are acting upon the face of the mountain; we learn that light and sound and heat and electricity are but throbbing force, gentle and silent as the light, it may be, and again destructive and overwhelming, as is the lightning. But now

we are assured by those who know that every separate particle of matter is full of pent-up energy; each atom is a sort of central whirl of force contending with and balanced against every other. There is no such thing as death in the world of which we have knowledge, if we mean by it final stillness or the arrest of energy.

Whenever stillness appears it is only because energy is pent up, or forces are balanced for the moment against one another. Sometimes in a winter morning in a cold room one holds in his hand a pitcher of water. The water is fluid; we notice nothing unusual about it. We proceed to pour it into the basin; suddenly it changes into ice; a thick coating forms at once over the inside of the basin; long spiculæ run from side to side; we plunge our hands in and they come out filled with crystals; the water is rushing to become solid. All the force that is produced by a freezing temperature was in the water in the pitcher, but it was so balanced with the inertia of the liquid that it was restrained from action;

the change of position in the flow of the water into the basin released it, and instantly it declared itself in the swiftly formed ice. A chemist holds in his hand a flask of clear liquid, a solution, for example, of sulphate of sodium. He drops into it a single grain. Instantly there is a commotion which does not cease until the liquid has changed into a solid. The forces of crystallization were all there. The slight disturbance produced by the falling morsel destroyed the balance, released the tension, and the hidden energy appeared.

Science declares that energy is everywhere, that it cannot be lost, and cannot be destroyed; therefore scientific men are prepared to believe that motion is universal, that nothing is really inert, or still; and, indeed, some of them go so far as to say that energy, or force, or motion, is the only thing worth considering in nature, and that even what we call dead matter is only a form of it.

This is worth our attention, as showing how hard it is for any one to stand still. If every-

thing about us is in motion we are probably moving too; we are becoming something; we are going somewhere, and we want to know where it is.

We notice also another fact. Things do not change or move alone. If one thing happens, another generally happens after it; it follows from it; it is its consequence, we say. We put sugar in our coffee, and the coffee is sweet, as a consequence. There is something more in this than that one thing comes after another. B comes after A in the alphabet; but when we make an A, B does not immediately appear; as the sweetness immediately follows the sugar in the coffee, so that we expect it and are not disappointed, provided we had enough sugar. The procession of events in nature is in some way different from a procession of men in the street. The captain marches in front of the soldiers; they might stop and he go marching on just the same; or he might step aside and the company still go forward. But when we see a ball flying through the air we know that it flies because

some one has thrown it. And if in a moment we see a boy get up from the ground with a bruise on his forehead, we know that the ball stopped because his head was in its way.

So to express what we see, we say the sugar made the coffee sweet, or caused it to become sweet, and a boy threw the ball, or caused it to rush through the air, and another boy stopped it with his head, or caused it to fall to the ground, and in turn the blow of the ball caused the bump on the forehead, and the cry of the boy.

We mean then, when we say that one thing causes another, not simply that one thing follows after another, as the letters follow one another in the alphabet, or soldiers march in the street, but that there is an inner dependence of one thing upon another. There is something in the make-up of the universe which secures this relationship or dependence, and which makes it constant and universal. When we know the causes of things we can trust them; the result will surely follow. If fire burns my finger so that it hurts I know that it will hurt the sec-



ond time if again I burn it. If an unripe choke-cherry or persimmon puckers my mouth, I will not bite it again, unless I want to have my mouth puckered, for that is sure to follow.

This universal and trustworthy relation of cause and effect is quite as important as the universal motion in nature. It shows that motion means something, that it leads somewhere. Things are not all flying at random like gnats in a sunbeam. There is order and arrangement; there can be growth.

However true it may be that all force continues, that energy never is consumed, things are not the same to-day that they were yesterday, for the things of yesterday have in some way caused the things of to-day, as the things of to-day in turn will cause the things of to-morrow. If I had known the things of yesterday and the force that was in them, I might have known what things would be to-day, and I might have profited by it. Here then is a reason why I should want to know things; and here is a way by which I can know things.

Nature is something like a great machine shop. Everywhere there is energy at work, or for the moment held in check. Machines of all kinds are busy, one making one thing, another another. They can be counted upon, each to do its work, and to do it well. All are adjusted to one another; all draw from the same force, and apply it to their own immediate purpose; all are evidently under the one central control; all are obedient to the same law; all co-operate unmistakably in one general result. If a man wants to use that shop, if he finds that in some way he cannot get away from the shop, or get along without it, and is, indeed, in a manner a part of the shop himself, it is worth his while to learn something about it. The law of its motion and efficiency may prove to be a law of his own life and happiness.

## CHAPTER II

### PROGRESS

Nothing could be more idle than a universe in which there was motion that led nowhere, or energy that accomplished nothing, or causes that ended where they began. Consequently when we see what looks like this in nature, it is very evident that there is more to be discovered.

The sun gathers vapor from the ocean; it is collected in clouds; it is precipitated in rain; it falls upon the earth and finds its way into the brooks and rivers, and ultimately into the ocean again, to be drawn up by the sun once more. The circle is closed. The acorn sprouts, the oak appears and grows; in time it blossoms and produces new acorns. These in turn fall into the ground, and the process is repeated. The bot-fly lays its egg on the hair of the horse, the horse licks his hide and conveys the egg into his

mouth, it passes into his stomach and is hatched; the larva thrives; in time is ejected in the excrement; there changes into a fly, which in turn lays other eggs for the horse again to lick up. But is this all? Are the circles all closed?

By no means. Motion has many orders of existence, and these are found to be tributary to each other. The water from the rain filtering through the earth picks up particles of mineral salts which it dissolves from the soil. In its progress it encounters the rootlet of a plant. Immediately it gives up its salts; the plant takes them up and absorbs them to help it make stalk and stem and leaf and flower and seed. Then an animal comes along needing food, which it promptly finds in the leaves, or the flowers, or the seeds of the plant. Then comes the man and uses the animal for his higher purposes, his food, his clothes, his service. The Record of the Rocks is the story of changes like this, geologic ages carefully preparing the conditions of existence for the ages that were to follow. The earth has had a long history, changing from con-

ditions in which life was not possible, into those in which it has become abundant. The forms of life also have changed and multiplied, until to-day we have an infinite variety, with an ascending series of organs and of functions, a series in which man is the sequel.

As the forces of nature are tributary, the lower to the higher, the force of gravitation bringing the water to the soil, the chemical force in the soil surrendering the salt to the water, the capillary attraction in the plant lifting the nutriment to be changed into the leaf, the digestive force of the animal converting it into muscle and bone and tissue, the human powers of the man enabling him to make varied use of the animal, so every form of existence is seen to be tributary to some other. It is easy to believe that in some true sense it exists for that other.

We separatè these forms into higher, as distinct from lower, according as they possess more intricate or more delicate parts, or are capable of doing what the others could not do. We

say that the bee represents a higher form of life than the worm, because it has a more complex organism, with greater fullness of life and far more elaborate functions. The bird, in turn, is higher than the bee; the cat than the bird; the monkey than the cat; and the man than the monkey. In the complexity of the parts we have a measure to apply to all. The more elaborate organization is further along, or higher in the scale of existence; and the higher the organism the more extensively the varied forces of nature are found to minister to it. A finer adjustment is needed, and a fuller and larger service of the powers of nature is seen, for example, in a man, than in an oyster.

We may make mistakes or be confused at times in our judgment as to which is higher and which lower. An ocean steamer, for example, marks an advance upon a sailboat; but at a particular time men may admire far more, and wonder far more over the yacht that wins the America's cup than over any steamship. The faculties of the mind certainly mark a higher

development than the physical powers, but it is easy at times to be far more absorbed in, and perhaps to be far better satisfied with the possession of physical powers to run, to jump, to throw, than to possess any pre-eminent intellectual gift. The captain of the ball team may seem the greatest man in college. For all that, the fact of progress in nature is not discredited, nor the certainty of the larger place and the greater value of the higher forms of existence, or of faculty, disturbed by our aberrations of judgment.

Life is the final product of this progress, however it was produced; and life will forever bear the impress of it. We, also, cannot stand still. With us, also, there is a higher and a lower. In us there is always unmeasured and often unrecognized energy. Our well-being will forever depend upon our adjusting ourselves to the right series, our appreciating causes and effects, and our making no mistake as to what is really for us the higher and the lower.

Many questions arise as to how and by what

law these forms of life are connected with one another; whether or not they all evolve from one another as the butterfly comes out of the chrysalis, and in unending and unbroken series from the lowest cell to the highest organism; whether or not there is another and a different order to account for the overlappings and unaccountable breaks in the series; and whether this evolution, undoubted certainly in most of its aspects, has proceeded by one law or by many? Here are "world problems" of the greatest interest and importance, but all this is matter aside from our present discussion. It is to be dealt with in later and collateral studies.

It is sufficient to note that nature everywhere proclaims Progress. All this motion leads somewhere; all these causes produce results; things exist for a purpose; life has a goal. Even decay is tributary to growth; as the fall of each leaf contributes to the growth of the forest; and no stopping or turning back can arrest the stately and certain onward and upward movement. We find ourselves born into a universe so constituted:



we are to have its help in finding ourselves and achieving our life.

The only choice before us is to avail ourselves of this, or foolishly to try to stand aside. Professor James of Harvard tells a story of Margaret Fuller, who in the genuine spirit of New England independence, once exclaimed, "I accept the universe." This being repeated to Carlyle, he coolly remarked, "Gad! She'd better."

## CHAPTER III

### HABIT

As we observe things about us we see that force seems always to act in definite directions; motion makes permanent channels for itself. The rain that falls on the hillside runs down in gulleys, and when it rains again the gulleys deepen. Subsequent rains can run off the hill in no other courses. A book that has been much used at one place opens there, as we say, of itself. A shoe shapes itself to the foot that wears it; it becomes comfortable in consequence. Cloth cut and sewn into a sleeve takes certain wrinkles from the crook of the arm within. Those wrinkles tend to reappear after the cloth has been laid flat. Things yield to force repeating itself along definite lines, and subsequent motion along the original line becomes easier, as paper once folded falls into the same folds.

When the force, or movement, is connected with animal life, the same is true. The infant, obedient to a natural impulse, takes its food by sucking, and continues to do so with contentment and sturdy resistance to change. But if early some other method of feeding is adopted, it establishes itself, and the earlier inclination disappears. It is said that chickens hatched in an incubator, if kept for a few days apart from a hen, will afterwards pay no attention to her, disregarding all her calls and overtures; and meanwhile will readily learn to follow a duck or even a man. In animals, recurrent impulses, or motions, so quickly and surely repeat themselves, that after "the cow with the crumpled horn," in the nursery tale, had "tossed the dog that worried the cat," it became as necessary for the dog henceforth to keep out of the way of the cow, as for the cat to look out for the dog. The tossing is very sure to be repeated. There is the beginning of what we call a habit.

As men we are "creatures of habit." We have so many habits that we cease to be aware

of them. We walk in a certain way, we stand in a certain posture, we talk with a certain tone, we use our hands with a certain gesture, and all unconsciously, because we once began to do so. Habit has made things easy for us. How hard it was to learn to skate, or to swing an axe, or to write, or, if we could remember it, to walk! Now we do any one or all these things without effort or thought. Our body has shaped itself to what has become a custom, a habit. Every nerve and muscle and sinew is obedient to the impulse to do a thing in a certain way. It would be difficult to do it in any other way, so difficult indeed, that in some directions it is for the time at least impossible. Try to write with your left hand, or to get rid of some little trick of manner or speech which you have discovered is disagreeable to others or ill-bred, and see how hard it is.

There is a habit of mind as well as of body, of thought as well as of act. We find that we can study best at a particular table, or in a particular room, or when we are alone, and there is no

noise. We go to sleep most readily in our own bed and in an accustomed position. We like the things to which, as we say, we are used. They furnish our standards.

Furthermore certain things are found to suggest certain other things; our minds run in certain grooves; we are obedient to laws of association; we think certain things, and feel certain things, and are prompted to do certain things. We do not know exactly why. We acquire the habit of indulging in certain thoughts, and it is difficult to escape from them. We break into outbursts of passion or anger, we easily lose our self-control, because we have allowed ourselves to do it without restraint. We even acquire a habit of not telling the truth, not only without purpose or thought, but at times to our manifest disadvantage, because we have so frequently allowed ourselves to be untruthful.

Habit alone makes a progressive life possible. If it were always as hard to do things as it is the first time, we would do few things. As it is, the harder the undertaking the more certain

and the more compelling becomes the habit, and the greater the satisfaction in the performance when the habit has become fixed and the mastery is assured. Watch the accomplished skater or dancer, or violinist; with what ease and grace and precision he executes his part. We say it has become a second nature to him. He has no consciousness of the particular motions which once were so labored. There is no visible physical effort. He moves obedient to a habit which affects his whole being. The impulse to the task in hand starts forces which glide in established channels. So far his organs have become a perfect machine; each is promptly and continuously obedient to the initial impulse. And we discover that the man himself has won a freedom he did not have before. In fact he possesses powers of which he was not before aware.

The inexorable law of nature is that habits shall form. As taking advantage of this law, we establish right habits, that is, habits that make progress in right lines assured and easy,

life is comfortable and satisfactory. But whether we accomplish this or not, it is to be observed that Habit does not wait for us; if we do not form right habits we inevitably form wrong ones.

## CHAPTER IV

### CHARACTER

George Eliot in one of her novels speaks of "that inexorable law of human souls, that we prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by that reiterated choice of good or evil which determines character." This is the height to which at last habit climbs. The character is the man. Habit is seen moving into the realm of the moral nature, and like the contracting tire about the felloe of the wheel, binding all the parts into one fixed whole.

We start out in life with very varied equipment. No two of us are at the beginning alike. But even then we discover that habit has already been at work. We belong to a race, a nation, a family, a place, and there are racial, national, family and local habits. These continue from generation to generation and leave their impress



upon each individual. The crowd of immigrants whom one sees at Ellis Island have ways that are as distinctive of the country from which they came as is their costume, or their speech. They may be quickly absorbed into our American life, but should you go into their homes years hence you will find many things to show that they were originally Scandinavian, or Irish, or Italian. Our habits are something more than our repeated acts, in ways that have become familiar and easy to us. They are the expression of changes that have taken place in ourselves. This is the real explanation of their becoming habits. The baby had an instinct to suck. Feeding it with a spoon soon destroys that instinct. A change takes place in the baby. The dog has an instinct to bury his bone; bring him up in the house, at first he will scratch the carpet, to make a hole for his bone, but feed him abundantly, and he will soon lose the instinct.

Habit shapes the body, we all know. The soldier walks erect, the sailor sways or rolls in his gait, the shoemaker grows round-shouldered,

as the student often does. A man's occupation records itself in his bodily lines, and the lines remain long after the occupation ceases. The more important truth is that his habits affect the man himself; they make character. Habits which in the animals, and in the beginning of life with us, are prompted by instinct, are in the main in man the result of choice. Our mental and moral nature is so constructed that choices tend to perpetuate themselves. Each choice is a step in a path in which the second step is easier than the first, and in a measure follows from the first. A man has habits of choice as well as a choice of habits, and his habits of choice are far the more compelling and permanent. Choices are so bound together, one so surely follows another, that in very many instances we discover that the first choice is in fact a choice of the whole path, and of that to which the path leads. The first drink, or the first cigarette, carried with it our later practice in regard to drinking or smoking, and settled our feeling in regard to the practice, as it also had wrapped up in it all

the consequences. Every choice, as Goethe said, is in this sense "for eternity."

Every choice also records itself and leaves its impress in the permanent part of our nature. The habit of doing certain things marks a change going on in us in the line and as a result of that habit. It helps to form our character; it makes us the men we are. Character, as that which indicates a man's moral nature, is the constant action of his individual choices; it is himself as he really is. He has been busy making himself all his life. He started with a certain equipment of body, mind and heart. He had certain powers and inclinations. Life came as a gift, and it brought many things with it. We hear much of heredity, by which is meant the equipment for life which was passed on to us through our parents. Very little as yet is known exactly about it. One thing that is known is that after we receive the gift of life, our habits begin at once to make or mar us. While we are young our parents try to fix them for us in right lines. The school and the community come to their

help. But we very quickly have to accept the responsibility for ourselves. We can do, and we do with ourselves what nobody else can do for us. Therefore the community soon comes to judge us by what it sees to be our character. That is our true self; and we have made and are making it.

It is harder for some to make it than it is for others. More seemed to be made for them at the beginning. They started life with hotter passions or fiercer appetites; heredity was in them fuller of evil; or they were misdirected or wrongly influenced and abused in earliest life. We have every sympathy for such people. They are sadly handicapped in life, as one born blind or crippled by accident when a child. But there is no escape from the responsibility for their own character. Life is so constituted. Each one can make and must make his own choice. Each must determine his own habits, and these habits and choices, working on the original material, whatever it was, are what make the man. As with the work of the potter, exquisite vases are

often made of very cheap material; so we often find beautiful lives wrought out of what seems the commonest clay of human nature; and on the other hand, often the finest material, lives the most richly endowed, or begun in homes of refinement and luxury, turn out degraded and corrupt. Character is the essential thing; its price is above rubies; it is more precious than gold; it is not to be weighed in the scales with silver; and it is determined by every man for himself; and is, in the main, the sum and the expression of his habits. The law of Progress, that is everywhere present in nature, thus records itself in us as we have consented to make ourselves better or worse.

## PART III

# THE MORAL EQUIPMENT



## CHAPTER I

### THE IDEA OF DUTY

By morals we mean human conduct judged from the standpoint of duty. Much more might be said and other terms might be used, but this is sufficient for our purpose. It is conduct, not mere opinion. Opinion is important; it determines conduct; out of the heart the mouth speaks; but opinion cannot be dealt with until it appears in conduct. We judge ourselves, and we are judged by others, according to what we do. We show ourselves in our conduct, and though we may not show all of our self, or at all what we wish to show, we show enough to be judged by.

When a boy is sulky or ugly tempered, or does mean things, or bullies, or looks selfishly after himself, it is of no use for him to say he did not mean it, or for others to say of him, he



is not that kind of a boy, or he did not think. We judge him by what he does, and he must accept the consequences. These things are the index of his character; they are the material for our judgment of his morals.

The word morals was originally associated with customs or manners, but, according to the ancient saying, "Manners makeyth man," the term passed over from mere externals to indicate the conduct as the expression of the man himself.

We mean also human conduct. Animals have conduct and show something of character, as every man will claim who owns a horse or a dog. But we have no means of looking into the inner nature of animals, nor can they tell us about themselves. Their actions so resemble ours that we often attach to them motives and thoughts like our own, and many beautiful tales of animals are written in this way. The actions recorded may be true, but the interpretation of their significance is obviously fictitious and sentimental. The inner life of an animal is largely

a closed book. We may possibly learn something of the animal from the study of man. We learn nothing of man in this relation from the animal.

When we speak of morals we mean something, therefore, that concerns men and women. It is human conduct judged with reference to duty. Duty pertains to men. All men feel the obligation and accept it as the final and only standard of conduct.

The word duty represents a very simple idea. It means that something *ought* to be done. Duty suggests something *duc*, as ought suggests something *owed*. It implies both a choice and an obligation. It is my duty to pay money, to render a service, to go to work, to learn a lesson, because in some way I am under an obligation; it is rightly expected of me. Whether others at the moment know this or not, I know it; there is something within that makes me feel the obligation. I may act upon it or not, but it is there.

This feeling is not always distinct and commanding. Sometimes it is confused by the dif-

difficulty of deciding exactly what ought to be done; and in time, by persistent disregard, the feeling of duty may be almost entirely obliterated. But by as much as a man loses or destroys in himself the feeling of duty, by so much he ceases to be a man. Whatever difficulties attend it we instinctively feel that the sense of duty is a permanent and essential part of a man's moral nature. He would be something less than a man without it.

Every duty implies something owing to somebody. It corresponds to a right which exists on the part of another to receive from us the benefit of the performance of that duty, whatever it may be. The sense of duty is thus a bond among human beings. Human society could not exist without it. A man who acknowledged no duties whatever would be an outcast and an alien. And even then we would be compelled to say that he owed certain duties to himself. As a man he must recognize his nature. He must do what will preserve his humanity. He is under obligation not to degrade himself. He must not be

a brute. Robinson Crusoe, on his desert island, is true to himself. He makes for himself clothes; he builds a hut; he bathes; he has thoughts of home, and begins at once to prepare himself for the day when he may be rescued and taken to his native land; he is deeply stirred when he discovers the print of a human foot upon the sand. The story pleases us because it is the story of a man, not of a beast.

What seems at times a conflict of duties does not destroy the sense of duty itself. Some things are always right. To be honest, to be kind, to be unselfish, to tell the truth, to resist impurity, whatever the circumstances, awakens a feeling of satisfaction. We feel that, be the immediate result what it may, we have been true to ourself. Some things are right in ordinary cases, as not to give pain, or to take the property or the life of another. But the dentist or the surgeon gives pain in order to heal, and the state takes property, and sometimes life, for the common good. And some duties vary with the circumstances. It is right, for example, not to give money to a beg-

gar, if it will encourage beggary, or if the money is needed for the proper care of one's own child, as it is not right to spend money in self-indulgence or for one's pleasure, however proper that pleasure under other circumstances would be, if it is depriving others of what properly belongs to them. Men will always be judged by their practice in such cases. There is need for the exercise of judgment, and there will always be diversity of opinion; but the feeling of a duty to be discovered and performed will remain. A distinguished Englishman with large knowledge of the world, recently addressing a company of schoolmasters and educators, said: "As one carries one's purpose of doing right into the actual business of life, with all its tangled mass of good and evil, its temptations that look like opportunities, its opportunities that look like hindrances, its mixed motives and unsuspected issues and tendencies making for righteousness, yet disfigured by willfulness or affectation or narrowness, it grows hard sometimes to know whether one is really on the right track, or whether, for all one's

good intention, one may not be found even fighting against God."

Happily, chief duties are always commanding; and they cover so large a part of life that whatever our perplexities on particular occasions, these do not disturb our general course or affect our conviction that the feeling of the obligation of duty is a part of the moral equipment of every man. It is all-determining in enabling us to find our place in the scheme of life.

## CHAPTER II

### THE AUTHORITY OF DUTY

The question remains, Why is duty so authoritative?

Some tell us because of its utility. It is right to obey one's parents, to tell the truth, to be honest, or kind, or industrious, or pure, because only so can the best welfare of the community, or our own, be secured. But we answer: in some cases it may be so, but not always. It is quite conceivable that there are many circumstances in which the community has very little concern with what I do, and what appears to me to be my own welfare lies in a very different direction. In any case it would leave duty always a matter of argument, of pros and cons from the standpoint of self-interest, and that surely is inconsistent with the very idea of duty.

Some tell us that whatever of obligation there

is in duty springs from considerations of happiness or pleasure. Experience teaches that in the long run and in the great majority of cases, certain actions give more pleasure than others and tend to secure our permanent happiness. If we obey our parents, if we learn our lessons, if we fill life with laborious rather than idle days; if we turn from vice, however tempting it may be, we shall find that our lives will be far happier than they would be otherwise. In the end we shall always be glad if we have done our duty.

Now this may be, and doubtless is, true. To do one's duty does certainly give rise to a peculiar feeling of satisfaction. We can never be wholly sorry that we have done right. But we know a great many and very keen pleasures that are not clearly associated with doing right. "Stolen fruits" are proverbially "sweet," and the boy who has run away from school to go to the circus does not laugh any the less joyously at the antics of the clown or thrill any the less delightfully over the gorgeous procession, or the startling performances of the nimble footed and



lightly clad equestrienne, because there may be an account to be settled when he goes home.

"Be virtuous, that you may be happy," the books say; and the world answers, "But you won't have so good a time." We are slow to believe that the idea of duty is born in that camp.

Others would sweep all this aside and say that duty is derived from our obligation to our fellowmen. They coin a large word and say it is wholly altruistic. We owe it to one another not only to do right, but to fulfill all the obligations of life to which the idea of duty applies.

This certainly comes nearer to being satisfactory. It lifts us to a higher plane of thought than does the consideration of what merely gives us pleasure, or may prove useful to oneself or others. Each of us certainly owes a great deal to his fellows. Our parents gave us life and care; without our companions and friends life would indeed be dull; the community does very much for us, every day, and all the days. We are dependent upon a multitude of people for the

things we need; it may well be that we have many duties in return. But does this cover the idea of duty itself? Duty somehow is commanding. It seems to rise above argument. Why should I find in my relations to other people an obligation that is always greater, for example, than my relations to myself? My life is my own, from wherever it came. I shall live it but once. Why should I then be so controlled by what other people may want, or what may seem best for them? This is a reply difficult to meet. Duty must be established on surer ground.

Nor does the idea of duty arise in our knowledge of God. Indeed, our thought of God is determined by that idea of right which lies back of every conception of duty. We say God's ways are always right. Therefore to us He is God. He could not be God otherwise. He is not arbitrary. He could not command anything, and have the thing commanded right, simply because He so decreed. We obey God's commands and follow God's teaching and law, be-

cause they confirm the right, to which they always conform. They make the path of duty plain. If a heathen says his god commands him to steal, or murder, or practise impurity, we do not hesitate to tell him that his god is wrong. We appeal not to the commands of the God in whom we believe, to prove this. We appeal to the common consciousness, and to his own heart. We seek to show him that by a law written there it cannot be his duty to obey such a god.

Here, then, is where we find our authority. Moral obligation is not derived from religion, or society, or law. These keep it before us and explain it and supply motives for heeding it. The compelling power of duty lies within us. It originates in our own hearts. It is so far original with every man. It belongs to us as human beings; it constitutes a native equipment for life. It has the force of an original authority. To do one's duty is to do right; and it is my duty to do right. I know this with as absolute a certainty as I know my own existence,

and I know it in the same way. Because I exist the obligations of existence belong to me, and this is one of the chief. Losing this conception I should lose a vital part of myself.

The ideas of right and wrong, and of duty, come into our knowledge through our growing powers of thought and reflection, and our impulses of affection toward others. We discover that when we are called to act in ways that have moral quality we feel that one course of action differs from another. We say within ourself that one course is right, and the other is not. We learn also that this quality of right or wrong is not in the act alone, but lies back of it in the motive. It is a judgment which we pass upon ourself in our innermost thought and purpose; and it is according to the voice of an authority that is within. The law is there; it is an ultimate authority; and it cannot be changed. So long as a course appears to us to be right it is our duty to follow it. It can never be other than right to do right, and the obligation of duty arises there.

This process of self-judgment begins in the little child, and continues through life.

“Early he perceives  
Within himself a measure and a rule  
Which to the sun of truth he can apply  
That shines for him and shines for all mankind.”

There is something in the very conception of duty that witnesses to its character of universal validity. We do not hesitate to seek its recognition, and we appeal to it as self-evident in every man. Other motives and interests may overshadow it, but it is there. We discover an inward approval when we obey it. We have pleasure in it. We experience this pleasure in enlarged degree when others approve our course. When we learn that God approves, then we have the greatest happiness. We know that the law of duty is the law of God; God confirms our view of duty and gives us sweetest possible joy. The particular act may be painful, as duty not infrequently is, but we know that that way lie peace and manhood.

## CHAPTER III

### THE INTELLECTUAL POWERS

Our intellectual powers are those with which we think. We connect them with our brains, and the brain is certainly the chief part of the apparatus with which we do our thinking. But thought is not the product of a machine, however elaborate and marvelous that machine may be. My body, neither as a whole, nor in part, is me, and my thinking is something that I do. I have therefore powers of thought. They are a part of myself, they go to make up my equipment for life.

As morality is a matter of conduct, and conduct is human action in reference to the world in which we live, I must have some way of knowing what that world is, and it is of first importance that I know all about it that I can know, or at least all that should affect my con-

duct. I have faculties adapted to this purpose. I can perceive and reflect and estimate, and reason and remember; in short, I can think. I can respond to all that comes to me from the outside world. I have what are called senses. Sight, hearing, smell, touch, taste, are so many channels through which knowledge of the world reaches me. These do not make my thought. They furnish the material of it, very much as the butcher and the grocer furnish the cook the materials for the dinner. Like the cook, also, I am not wholly dependent upon what is at any time brought in from outside. I have cupboards in my brain where I keep on hand supplies of various kinds, which I can at will bring out. I have imagination and fancy and memory. Wherever the things in these cupboards came from, they are there, and I can turn to them and use them when I will for my thinking. In this way I have quite unlimited resources. It would seem that I ought never to starve intellectually. Plenty of fresh food is within reach if I take the trouble to get it, and there is plenty

available within if only I know how to use it aright.

We find, as a matter of fact, that our intellectual powers are capable of great change. They have a material growth, not unlike that of the body. For a time we are too young to take in and digest certain knowledge, just as the body before the teeth appear is unprepared for certain food. Some things we can understand, and some we cannot. We say they are too old for us. Some things interest us greatly, and some bore us dreadfully, which by and by we may find the most interesting of all. We lose certain powers also as we grow older. How easily a little child learns to talk, and then to read, and how hard it is for a grown man to learn a language! Many a man finds that only with difficulty can he commit anything to memory, though as a boy he could do it almost without trouble.

Our powers of mind can also be greatly developed by use and training. Things become easy to the mind just as they do to the body.



Learning to talk and to read are done in the same way that learning to walk and to skate are, and with the same advance of power. We all feel that we can think and reason and understand far better than we once could. Otherwise we would have no joy in learning.

Now all this bears directly upon morals. If we do not use the powers that are given us when and in the way they are intended to be used, if we do not train and develop them, we fail to gather the material for conduct, and we fix ourselves in a condition of permanent ignorance and helplessness. We do not know what we should do, or how to do it. We feel the obligations of duty, but our conduct is misdirected for lack of knowledge. This does harm both to ourselves and to others. Little children and idiots have to be cared for. They do not know what to do. Their thinking is too limited and imperfect to be a guide for their own lives. The same is true with us to the extent of our ignorance. We all are therefore manifestly under a strong obligation to learn. The acquisition of knowledge

and the training of our intellectual power is a plain moral duty.

Furthermore those faculties by which we draw upon our own resources, imagination, fancy, reflection, reason, memory, have a great effect upon our conduct, and very important moral relations.

Every now and then the community is startled by some grievous crime. A murder has been committed, or a forgery, or an assault, or robbery, or a house set on fire, and it is discovered to have been done by some one who would never have been suspected of it, a man or a boy who has been above reproach. An explanation is sought, and it is said he must have been living a double life. He seemed to be all right, while in fact he has been doing many wrong things which have led up to this. It is only the last and chief in a series of transgressions.

This is generally not true. This is not the history of the fall of such people into crime. On the contrary, they are not infrequently as much startled and overwhelmed by their sudden of-

fence as are others. Its history is more probably this: The man nursed his passion or his hate; he thought about it and brooded over it, and pleased himself with thinking how it might be gratified and consequences escaped, until suddenly the opportunity presented itself, and before he knew what he was about the deed was done. The clerk practised imitating his employer's signature, and pleased himself with thinking how easily he could pass off the imitation for the genuine. It was then but a step to committing the forgery when he had a pressing need for money. The boy filled his mind with dime novel tales; he fancied himself a bandit, or a scout, or a savage, or a detective, until the sense of reality was gone, and he started out with knife and pistol to do what now seemed so easy and so thrilling. Many a house has been set on fire simply because a boy wanted to see how it would look when burning.

We can call up scenes in the imagination, we can kindle and inflame passions, we can brood over the memory of real or imagined wrongs,

until we have wrought ourselves into a state in which anything is possible. We can for the time seem to change our nature. A beast breaks loose in us, or a devil; and it was our own doing. The cupboards of the mind contain, alas, much poisonous material, and we need to know well what we are about when we go to them to prepare our food. The best of material brought into the mind from without can be utterly spoiled by what is already within. We must learn to keep the covers on the boxes, at least until we are assured of our mastery over the contents.

## CHAPTER IV

### THE FEELINGS

Besides our more distinctly intellectual powers we find that we are also possessed of Feelings or sentiments. What we do, or think, awakens certain responses of feeling which are more or less permanent, and become a powerful motive for conduct. We do as we do largely because of the way we feel. We are afraid, or we are glad, or we are awed, or we are stirred by affection or desire. We want a thing because the thought of it awakens pleasure, and this becomes the chief reason for action.

The feelings are connected closely with our bodily state. They arise in unconscious or unrealized sources. They sometimes mislead us, inspiring action which produces very different results from those we desired. But they are a permanent and very important part of our moral

equipment. They can be guided and developed; they must often be controlled; they must therefore be known and directed, if we are to know ourselves and live our true life.

The simplest feelings are those that arise from our bodily condition. We are hungry, or thirsty, or tired, or feel the need of exercise or play, and there springs up within us a desire for that which will satisfy the need. The desire becomes compelling. It indicates what is for the hour an uppermost want. Supplying the want gives us immediate satisfaction. We anticipate that satisfaction, and the feeling determines our conduct. The gratification of these bodily desires or appetites is a normal and natural impulse. Often it is largely instinctive, and is done entirely without self-consciousness, as when the child plays or falls asleep. It is a provision of nature both for the preservation of life and for the giving of innocent pleasure. It is only when the appetites are overfed or their gratification is allowed to interfere with other interests or duties that they become harmful.

Nature has provided that ordinarily the desire and the feeling of pleasure shall pass away when the actual want is met. We lose our appetite, food palls upon us; we find that we have drunk enough; we tire of lying down; the natural want is satisfied. If now we continue to eat or drink or to do whatever was intended to meet the bodily want we not only begin to impair our health, we also impair our morals. A glutton is one who stuffs an appetite long after it has ceased to demand food simply because he has pleasure in eating. Various vices begin in this way. We speak of them as the result of uncontrolled appetites, and we despise them.

The feeling described as love is of a composite nature. The term may indicate merely the desire of the sexes for each other, which we share in common with the animals; in which case it is of the same nature as the appetites. Or it may indicate the purest and noblest feeling of which we are capable. There is need, therefore, of discrimination. Love, pure and undefiled, is the going out of the heart to another

in unselfish affection, because of what it sees that is admirable in another. It seeks to serve; it finds its own happiness in making another happy, its own blessedness in blessing. By this test much that passes for love is only passion. Like other passions it passes away; while true love ripens and deepens with the years.

Fear also is a composite emotion, capable of producing widely different effects. Sometimes it is a timidity that paralyzes effort and produces cowardice; sometimes it is a vivid appreciation of danger or of pain, which is in reality a challenge to a heroic courage. In its origin it may be a matter of physical constitution or temperament, or it may be the result of moral weakness and the lack of self-control. In either instance it is a challenge to character. Many an old soldier has said that he never went under fire without experiencing an attack of horrible fear, which, however, he promptly mastered and quickly forgot; and on the other hand, no one yields to the paralyzing or panicky impulse of fear without feeling a loss of self-respect and ex-



perienicing something of an undermining of the foundations of character.

Anger and hate we know principally as destructive passions. They carry us out of ourselves. They blaze and burn and destroy. But there is such a thing as a righteous indignation, a hatred of evil, an anger that blazes against wrong. It is not always easy to distinguish the two kinds. The one is a blessing, the other a curse. The one incites to all that is noble; it lies at the root of many a splendid virtue; it inspires to patriotism and courage and self-sacrifice, and the purest affection. The other is destructive of all good; it kindles anger and hate in return; it is selfish, bitter, passionate, cruel; it is the outbreak of the brute in man. An old proverb says, "He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." To be angry and not to sin is a rare and very difficult achievement.

The feeling of pleasure has also its boundaries of right and wrong. We are made to enjoy. Life begins in contentment. The baby curls up

its toes and chuckles in its comfort. We are worried if it does differently. We feel that this is the normal condition. That is the picture of life as it should be. We groan over our pains and magnify our discomforts, because they seem so exceptional and out of place. Pleasure or happiness is the constant and sweetest reward of much of our toil. Life is so ordered as to secure us this satisfaction. But the situation changes when we pursue pleasure for its own sake; it soon ceases to please, and we become aware that it does not promote manhood. It loosens the cords, it enfeebles the purpose, it blurs the vision, it lowers the ideals; somehow it leaves us less manful. A boy or girl concerned chiefly with pleasure, however attractive otherwise, does not command our best respect. Yet pleasure is right; we love it, we rejoice in all that overflows with it — the frolicking kitten, the laughing child, the exuberant youth. We rejoice in the beauty of the fields and the bloom of the flowers as if nature itself had pleasure in the glories of the summer. Here is a full cup. It

is pressed to our lips. It is God's good gift; but like many another, it calls for right knowledge lest in its misuse we make it an evil.

Reverence is the feeling of respect we have for what is worthy. It manifests itself toward things that are sacred, toward the aged, and toward all whom we recognize as purer and better than ourselves. It has been said that man is never so truly great as when he recognizes something nobler and greater than himself. It is certain that as he loses the power to recognize such existence, or ceases to respond to it with feelings of reverence, he sinks in the scale of being, he is less a man than he might be. The young Indian who in preparation for his chieftainship goes alone to the mountain top and in the darkness and solitude seeks to commune with the Great Spirit, whom he does not know, but deeply reverences, performs an act which consciously exalts him in his own eyes and in the eyes of his tribe above common men who are not so approved. We make it a mark of civilization that men are not profane, that they respect

holy things, that they are considerate of age, that they are obedient to parents, that they show courtesy to women. These are all the expression of a sentiment that is planted in our hearts to promote what is best in manhood. Where they do not appear there is the beginning of degradation.

There are other feelings which often we little understand. John Addington Symonds, the English historian, tells how as a little boy he used to go alone into the old cathedral in Bristol and sitting there would be strangely stirred. The high vaulted arches, the odd figures in the carving, the music of the organ and the choir, the great age of the building, the thought of the multitudes of people who had sat there in the past, awoke feelings which he could not understand. They spoke of a world of thought and life above and beyond him; they took possession of him, they shaped his desires and plans. In later life he delighted to return and sitting there to try to feel them again. The poets abound in descriptions of similar experiences in a great

variety of conditions, as Shelley listening to the skylark, or Burns plowing over the daisy, or Cowper looking at his mother's picture, or Wordsworth on Westminster bridge, or at Tintern Abbey.

We are all capable of a wealth of feeling, aweing, inspiring, impelling, guarding us in all that we do, making us in large part the men we are.

## CHAPTER V

### THE POWER TO CHOOSE

The one faculty that we glory most in is the power of choice, or the faculty to do what we please. We are impatient of whatever restricts or impedes this power. We feel the restraint, whatever its form, as a kind of bondage. The little son of the millionaire, whose life was so carefully ordered that, what with tutors and nurses, every hour of the day was planned for, when on his birthday he was asked by his mother what he wanted for a present, replied that if he could have what he really wanted most, he would like to be allowed for an hour to do whatever he pleased. He expressed our desire for so much of independence as shall prove our right to it.

We are men, and this is the proof of our manhood.

What then is this power to choose? Is it

real? Are we as free as we think? Or do we only seem so, when in fact we are none of us free?

There are those who would persuade us that we are so truly a part of the natural world that, like wheels in a vast machine, we are driven by the one force that drives all the rest. We have seen that there is one law for the natural world. Motion is universal, but it is prescribed motion; it is along definite lines; it is in the chain of cause and effect; it is the product of one great common energy which we think of as Nature. Within the realm of nature things are largely fixed. Nothing is free. If you know the cause, you know the effect. Things are where they are put, and become what they must be. There is order and harmony and growth, a development, just because this law is universal. The machine is as nearly perfect as possible. If anything seems to escape or to be out of order, it is not so; it is obedient to laws which we do not fully understand. Man, they would have us believe, is no more free than is the bird, or the river, or the star.

Our answer is that we certainly think ourselves free. We are not by any means free to do whatever we want. But we are free in quite a different way from the calf that gallops to the end of its tether, and then is pulled up short, or from the bird that lives in a cage. We are all free to use our powers, to fashion our own life, at least in what makes it truly life, the expression of ourself. When Socrates told his judges that they might do with his body what they would, they might put him to death, but they had no power over him, he told the truth. His Self was a thing apart; in that sense free, obedient only to its own will.

We have learned to trust the testimony of our own consciousness as to our existence and faculties, and we can trust it in this also. If we are asked why we chose as we did we say because we wished to. That is sufficient explanation of the mental process.

When we do wrong we have a distinct sense of guilt which we would not feel if the act in which we sinned was not our act, or if we were



not morally free when we committed it. We may be tempted to wrongdoing, but we cannot be made to do wrong. So far as we may be under compulsion the act is not our act, and we feel no responsibility for it or its consequences. The testimony of our own souls is thus uniform and unmistakable. If we are not free, we do not know it, and in the nature of the case, we cannot be convinced of it. "I knew it was wrong all the time," is the confession of many a man come to himself after long trying to find excuse for his sin, and in the confession he invariably experiences relief. At last he has placed himself on the foundation of truth. When, through some overgrowth of the flesh, or long persistence in evil habits, a man ceases to be morally responsible, we lock him up. If he no longer knows the difference between right and wrong, and is unable to hold himself to doing the right, he is unsafe to the community. By this unshakable conviction that we are morally free we judge ourselves and we are judged by one another.

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Furthermore this power of choice, with the power to act upon the choice, rises above the force that appears in nature; it is an initial energy. The forces of nature are merely transmitted energy. If the ball rebounds when it is dropped, it is only because it was compressed by the fall, and the elastic rubber transmits the pressure it has received into the rebound. The explosion of a bomb is the release of the energy that is pent up in the dynamite within. Nowhere in nature can force come forth that was not first placed within, and no force is destroyed. The sum of the energy of nature is a fixed quantity.

But when we come to the will, which is the faculty by which we choose and act, we seem to confront an energy of an entirely different sort. It originates and propels itself. It creates a resolution, it establishes a purpose, and in the strength of that energy men achieve the great things of life; they change the face of nature, they harness her most tremendous powers and make them servants of man; they probe her pro-

foundest secrets and cast a plummet into the depths of the heavens; they remove the mountain into the sea, and, what is still greater, they master themselves. If every man is the architect of his own fortune, it is only because he is possessed of this power of the will to awaken the energy of choice and to sustain it. So far as we can perceive there is no force in the universe that is an initial energy except that of the will. It suggests what the nature of divine action must be, and points to the Divine Will as the original source of all energy. If we must write upon the heavens and the earth the ancient inscription, "God created them," we must also write, "God moves them." *Deus fecit* must be followed by *Mens divina agitat molem*.

## CHAPTER VI

### CONSCIENCE

Conscience is the judgment we pass upon ourselves with reference to our duty to do right and not wrong. It has been called "The eye of God in the soul of man." It is not a separate faculty of the soul sitting in solitary judgment upon all the rest; it is our whole Self uniting to pass judgment upon ourself in regard to whatever we think, or plan, or do. We are so made that we must do this. We not only know that it is right to do right, but we know, in connection with every act, whether or not we think we are doing right; and conscience tells us what for us is right or wrong. It not only lays us under a general obligation to do right and not wrong, but it also passes judgment upon each particular case, and rebukes us when we transgress.

There is much misunderstanding about con-

science: but there ought not to be, if we will think of it as ourself passing judgment upon ourself. It is not other people's judgment, but our own; and our own under the impulse to know and do the right. We often say our conscience will not permit us to do what in fact we do not want to do. I know a little four-year-old lad who, when he is invited to dine at a neighbor's house and is offered potatoes which he does not particularly like, says, "I am not allowed to eat that," and when it comes to the ice cream says, "My mother always lets me have a second help even if I have had awful much the first time." Of course it is difficult to interpret conscience if we make it merely the expression of our desire or our willfulness. Many people who take no little satisfaction in being conscientious are simply obstinate.

Conscience also sometimes seems strangely misleading; with the utmost sincerity, and even with great pain and self-sacrifice people are seen to do things in obedience to conscience which are in violation of every principle of right as we un-

derstand it. History is filled with stories of cruelty and suffering inflicted in obedience to what people have thought the voice of conscience and even of God. Despite the wickedness in men's hearts, we cannot doubt that in very many cases these acts have been done, and are done again and again, conscientiously. But they are a sad misreading of conscience. Conscience is not an inexorable voice, like the voice of an ancient oracle sounding out of a cave, spoken once for all, then only to be interpreted and obeyed. Rather it is the voice of one's own soul speaking in the light of such knowledge of the facts as we possess. Before it can be final or authoritative all the facts must be gathered and presented for judgment. They are to be weighed and considered in their nature and their bearings. Only then is the decision properly rendered. Manifestly what seems right at one time and in one set of conditions will be wrong at another time, or when conditions are changed. The circumstances may be familiar and the judgment promptly given, or they may be entirely new and

we have long to wait before we know our duty. Meanwhile the voice is not heard, and what is mistaken for it is a very different utterance. Deliberation, patience, a certain slowness of conviction, and great care to gather all the facts are necessary to a truly conscientious decision, certainly in all those cases where plain transgression is not involved.

This being the nature and function of conscience, of course it can be "hardened" or "educated." Those terms only mean in the one instance that a person refuses to care for his conscience. He will not present the case in hand before that bar; he will not review the facts; he refuses to inquire, or to consider, because he does not mean to be guided, or to obey. He means to do as he will. Thus he in time establishes a habit for himself. Men say he has hardened or dulled his conscience, or even that he has no conscience. On the other hand, conscience may be cultivated. The habit may be formed of deciding slowly, of considering other people's interests, of studying the situation, and then of

reaching what is worthy to be called a moral judgment, upon which one can settle and be at rest, and which henceforth stands as a conscientious conviction worthy of the name. We have a quiet, or a troubled, conscience, according as we have, or have not, taken this course. If we have not seen our duty clearly, if we have not considered, or heard all the facts, or have acted willfully or for self-interest, of course there is no peace.

We need to know ourselves pretty well before we can understand conscience fully. We are open to many motives, we are capable of very varied feelings and desires and impulses, all of which are springs of character, and all to be passed in review by Conscience.

This story was once told to illustrate this point: "We remember a boy who went on a day's excursion among the lakes and hills, provided with an excellent luncheon calculated for a mountain appetite. He had gone an hour or two beyond his reasonable time, and just unpacked his store beside a stream, when a little



girl approached, half leading, half dragging an old man. They had attempted a short cut over the ridge the day before, lost their way, and spent the night and morn without food or shelter on the hills. The boy divided the contents of his basket between them; the particular passion, pity, getting the better of the particular appetite, hunger, and making itself felt as having the higher claim."

We have an irresistible feeling in such a case that pity is the higher and nobler feeling and that we should yield to it. It is conscience that tells us this. Instinctively we put the case to ourselves. We do not have to ask others, or to stop and weigh the situation; the knowledge that we have of our own hearts tells us that this is the nobler course and impels us to it. If we disobey the impulse we know that we shall feel uncomfortable. We have acted unworthily. We have fallen below our better self.

Thus conscience calls up and weighs the different motives and impulses that appear to contend with one another when we have a decision

to make. It holds these before our minds in the light of all the circumstances and then it pronounces judgment.

That judgment is addressed to us, and is so far final. Conscience is not given us to enable us to decide for other people, but for ourselves; and its voice should be for us authoritative. If we do not heed our conscience we lose at once all true standards of conduct. For, it is to be remembered, that conscience is Ourselves, with all the knowledge and all the standards we possess, passing judgment upon ourself in this particular situation. Not to obey is to do what under the circumstances we think to be wrong. And that certainly could not be right for any man. We may be led to do things which prove harmful to ourselves or to others, or things which later we shall wish we had done otherwise, but at the time, with such light as we then have, there is only one course open to us. Some years ago two excellent maiden ladies were persuaded that it is wrong for the state not to permit women to vote, and that in contributing to the sup-

port of the state they were upholding wrong. Therefore they refused to pay their taxes. Year after year the constable was compelled to come and take away some of their cattle or farm produce to sell for taxes. In face of the fact that their neighbors did not look upon the right to vote as an inherent right, or as anything other than a civil duty assigned by law for the common good to some and not to others, and that on the whole it is better for the state to do as it does and not burden the women with this duty, they thought differently. Manifestly there is room on such a question for emphatic difference of opinion, though no clearly recognized moral issue was involved. They chose their course and accepted the discomfort and obloquy without complaint. In time they may have come to think with their neighbors, or they may not; they did what they thought to be right. They commanded universal respect for their conscientiousness, whatever people thought of their opinions.

As a part of our moral equipment, Conscience

is universal; it cannot be destroyed, however much we may disregard or harden it; and it is authoritative. It is given us that we may know our duty and gain the peace and strength that come with doing it. In moral growth the business of the student is to infuse delicacy and discernment into conscience, and conscience into culture.



## PART IV

# THE MORAL OBLIGATION



## CHAPTER I

### THE INDIVIDUAL OBLIGATION

Every boy who owns a puppy knows when he is asked what kind of a dog it is, that something more is meant than merely what he is as you look at him. We all have in mind the kind of dog he is to become. According as he is a setter, or a spaniel, or a collie, or a mastiff, or a terrier he will be a sporting dog, or a shepherd dog, or a watch dog, or a plaything in the house. The purer the breed the clearer the indications of what he may be trained to become, and the higher the standard of his value. So with a colt. He belongs to a particular stock or strain of horseflesh. He is a Clydesdale, a Morgan, a Hambletonian; he will be a great draught horse, or a fine driver, or a trotter. His owner knows exactly what he is and trains him and uses him accordingly. He does not



harness his trotter to a dray or put his thoroughbred to the plough. If he did he would surely ruin him for what he was intended to be. Nature, we say, has a plan for each animal. When its life opens that plan is only indicated, it is not realized. The plan is part of the gift that comes with life. It is the explanation of the special form and faculties. The pup is not only a dog; he is a particular kind of dog, as the colt is a particular kind of horse. It is in each case the privilege, and so far the duty, of the owner to make sure that the plan of nature is carried out and the particular purpose attained. We feel a sense of positive loss when it has failed, and the animal that had such fine possibilities allowed to grow up untrained. The collie that kills sheep, the pointer that romps after the birds, the watch dog that bites the children, we want to shoot. The dog might have been so much more valuable; it might have learned to do so much more; it might have contributed so much more to the happiness and welfare of its owner; and it would have enjoyed so much more itself.

for its own welfare is involved in its understanding of itself. Life in both respects is the poorer because of the neglect.

We see the same thing in the flowers. The American Beauty rose or the new Lawson carnation is very different from the original rose or carnation. In their great size and gorgeous coloring they show of what the original stocks were capable. Through the years skillful gardeners have worked with the plants and over them, studying their nature and the law of their growth, imagining their possibilities, until they have brought them to this stage of development. We can hardly believe that even these great blooms in all their splendor are the final attainment. They probably mark merely the stage to which the rose and the carnation have advanced in the course of their development. The ultimate goal is still beyond. But, whether here or there, that goal is the end for which the original plant was created. That is the pattern of perfection that was hidden in the original germ. And what a poor thing in this world of beauty

that germ would have been had it remained always only what it was at the beginning!

Wherever we look in nature we see the unattained. No form of life seems to have reached the measure of its possibilities. All give evidence of the existence of a plan or an ideal toward which they are moving and the influence of which is felt at every stage of their existence. There is a finer beauty, a richer fragrance, a more glorious coloring, a more perfect form, a fuller life than we see. It cannot be otherwise with ourselves. There is an ultimate conception, a divine plan for each one of us. As the oak in the acorn, it is hidden within us at our birth. Life is given that we may work it out and become at last what we were intended to be. In that ideal we are to seek the purpose of our existence and the measure of our progress. In it also we find our first and surest obligation of duty. That alone for us is good which marks our advance toward the attainment of the best that is possible for us, or which lies nearest to the ultimate plan of our life; and that is right

which helps us toward that end. Not to recognize that for which we are made is to miss the path of life, as not to strive to attain it is to fall below our better self, and to throw away the best in life.

Here is the point at which Duty most surely grips us. We are, everyone of us, under a moral obligation to become ourself; that is, to do our best to work out the real plan of our individual existence and to attain that for which we are made. This is not a question of one's religion, or lack of religion. It is the natural duty of every man, arising out of his place in the natural world, exalted and become a moral obligation in him, because he possesses moral powers. He can appreciate his possibilities, and understand his consequent responsibility. There is for him no escape from this duty. It is born with his first knowledge of himself, it will not cease until in this world or in another he shall have reached the goal of his individual existence, and made of himself all that he can be. Duty so far is a primary and a binding obliga-

tion upon every man. The splendor of life lies not in a man being permitted to be "the architect of his own fortune," so much as in his being, if he will, the builder of himself according to the plan furnished him by the Divine Architect. For the man who gives himself to this task there can be no serious mistake and no ultimate failure.

## CHAPTER II

### THE SOCIAL OBLIGATION

No plant or animal improves without outside aid. Two interesting books, "Bob, the Son of Battle," and "The Call of the Wild," tell the story of two notable dogs. In one case the dog becomes the splendid animal he is because of his intimate association with a rare man, his master; in the other, because of the training given him by the older dogs of the dog team and by the life of the pack.

The family, the school, the community do the same for us. Without their aid we should be waifs; the attainment of anything for which we are made, or for which we long, would be very difficult, if not impossible. To be deprived of any of these, even in part, is pretty sure to leave us undeveloped or impaired. When we speak of a self-made man we mean one who has

separation, and because of the evil condition of those about him. No more surely does the neglect to provide proper sanitary conditions for the poor in the city imperil the lives of the children of the rich than the degradation, or oppression, or want, of those who are associated with him, or are dependent upon him, interfere with the highest development of any man. Diphtheria in the alley means danger on the avenue. The existence in a state of a permanently degraded class, like the helot, or the slave, has always imperiled or arrested the progress of the state. Even caste lines, the fixing of boundaries for groups in society beyond which they cannot hope to pass, whatever their abilities or ambitions, check the progress of the community as a whole. India, for example, viewed socially, has stood still for centuries. Men are of one blood in far more than a physical sense. They are brothers in that the welfare of each is closely wrapped up in the welfare of all, and the only open path for the ascent of any man to his proper inheritance and the attainment of what is for him the

best in life is in the progress of his fellow men in the same direction.

Thus the Social Obligation joins itself with the Individual Obligation. We have a duty to our neighbor as certain, and with a grip upon us as binding, as our duty to ourselves. It is a duty that cannot be escaped. To deny it or to despise it is to deny our common humanity and to attack one's own heritage.



## CHAPTER III

### THE DEFINITE AIM

We have said that we do not know exactly what the perfected horse, or dog, or rose, or carnation will be; but we know that each will be true to itself; it will be a horse, a dog, a rose, a carnation, and not something else. What scientific men call the type has in each case controlled the line of development. However long or short that line, however devious or straight, whatever forces have come to bear upon it, or whatever experiences it has encountered, the final form, the perfected possibility, as being the end for which it was made, has always been present in such an effective way that whatever has helped the particular animal or plant to become, in any least direction, like the final pattern or ideal, has contributed to its well being, and whatever has stood in the way of that growing

likeness has proved an injury. A rose could not be successfully treated as a carnation, nor a horse as a dog.

In the same way there is an ideal for a man. It is more than a conception or a possibility, it is a controlling pattern, it embodies a plan, it carries a purpose and creates the weightiest of obligations. Every one of us is intended to be something that he is not now, something which, whether he knows it or not, is every day affecting the course of his life. We need to know just what this is.

There are two ways by which we can learn this. We get our idea of what the perfect horse or dog or rose will be by our knowledge of what the horse and dog and rose are, and the growth through which they have passed. In the same way we form a conception of an ideally noble man from our knowledge of particular men whom we admire, and from the story of the race, and the knowledge we have of the struggles by which men have conquered themselves and risen to better things. Every good man thus helps

us to believe in goodness and to strive to attain it. No greater loss can happen to the community than the fall or the discrediting of its best men, for that destroys men's belief in goodness and weakens their purpose to be good. As Lowell puts it in his Address to Mr. George William Curtis:

“Old Crestien rightly says no language can  
Express the worth of a true gentleman.”

But we are not wholly dependent upon our observation of other men. Our own hearts tell us what the ideal man must be. We know the value and the meaning of what we call virtue. We can catalogue the qualities of the good man, and fix without serious trouble the traits of that perfect pattern toward which humanity is moving, and which indicates the best that is possible for each one of us. We know with certainty that however much a man may advance, however wise, or refined, or cultivated, or strong he may become, if he lacks any one of what we call the virtues, by so much his perfection is impaired.

He is off the track, he is untrue to type, he is ceasing to make progress toward the true goal of life. He may be much better than others, he may have greatly improved upon himself as he was, but in this particular he is not true to himself; he is not in the way of attaining what he should attain.

Thus the virtues come up for cataloguing and discussion. They help us to know what we should strive to be. They fix for us the definite aim of character. Why should men be pure and truthful, and honest, and honorable, and modest, and generous, and kind, and unselfish; why should they control their tempers and their passions; why should they not be harsh and greedy and cruel and bitter and ill-tempered and brutal? Why was the great teacher, Archbishop Whately, right when he said that if a young man should come to him saying he did not believe in virtue, he would regard him as set by that declaration outside the realm of discussion, because he would place himself outside the realm of humanity? Why was the great scoffer, Vol-

taire, wrong when he spoke of the Christian religion, because it enjoins personal purity between the sexes, as hateful oppression? The answer to one and all is, because there are certain virtues planted in our hearts as conceptions of what the ideal man should be. Wherever we got these conceptions, whether we were born with them, or whether they have come with the progress of the race, there they are. Being what we are, with our knowledge of our hearts, and of other men and human history, we have no great difficulty, every one of us, in apprehending more or less perfectly the kind of man we ought to be. We are, most of us, a long way from being that. We often get discouraged in our efforts to attain to it; we may even give up the attempt altogether and throw away the purpose; but when anyone comes to us saying that the ideal is not correct, or that we are under no obligation to regard it, and that we will be just as well off, or happier, if we content ourselves with living differently, we know that it is not true. He is putting temptation in our way. If we are to acknowledge any

moral obligation at all, it is to live that kind of a life, and no other, to become a man possessed of those traits to depart from which would be for us to do wrong.

There is for each one an ideal of life which means for him nobility. It carries its own obligation and reward. It says:

“Be noble! and the nobleness that lies  
In other men, sleeping, but never dead,  
Will rise in majesty to meet thine own:  
Thus wilt thou see its gleam in many eyes.  
Then will pure light around thy path be shed,  
And thou wilt never more be sad and lone.”

## CHAPTER IV

### THE SUPREME SATISFACTION

A chief objection in many minds to the rule of duty is that it is not attractive. Duty, they say, is an austere taskmaster. They would find some other rule that would serve as well and be more agreeable. If the point were well raised it would have weight. Pleasure is a proper consideration. We were made to respond to it. If it could be shown that Duty antagonizes it, or that the path of Duty leads persistently away from it, we should sooner or later find ourselves compelled to look elsewhere.

But the fact is that, giving pleasure its larger and more satisfying form and calling it happiness, it is not difficult to show that Duty promotes it. There is no pleasure so satisfying as that which comes in the line of duty. The proof of this is to be found in the exercise of the nobler

virtues, and in the new emotions they give rise to. Where a true love is, for example, there is no delight like that in doing the things that give it expression. The more costly the better; the more of devotion and self-sacrifice they call for the deeper the content. Indeed, the existence of this feeling becomes the measure of the love. Where the cost is calculated, or the gift is grudged, the love is doubted. The happiness for which in all lands the Home and the Family stand, is the expression of this truth. The love of husband and wife and of parents and children, by so much as it exists, and is pure and unrestrained, makes light the daily toil that is necessary to provide for the needs and secure the well-being of those who are dependent and beloved. The father works when others play, the mother busies herself in the home while others idle abroad, not intermittently and on occasion, but as the settled habit of their life, and both find their best happiness in doing so. Others may pity them, but they do not pity themselves, any more than the robin does when



feeding her nestlings, or the cat her kittens. They have their reward.

The same is true when the question of duty lies wholly within oneself. Many a hard fight has to be fought out in one's own heart. On one side stands duty, on the other all that we most desire. Why should we do the hard thing; why should we give up what we so much want; why should we go without the coveted pleasure; why should we deny ourself or seek first the welfare, or the happiness of another? We argue with ourselves. A satisfactory answer is hard to find. The present good is very real and very attractive and the sacrifice is great. Sometimes an overpowering passion may settle it for us. The Japanese soldiers throw their lives at the enemy, or refuse to surrender, or go down with the sinking ships with bands playing; and in one day five Russian peasants committed suicide rather than go to the war. There is a measure of the cost of patriotism, and of the bitterness of the struggle to decide and do one's duty. It extends to everything; the struggle may be over

any decision, however small. Duty rarely offers bribes; she must be followed for her own sake.

“Duty nor lifts her veil, nor looks behind,  
But as she spoke, a loosened lock of hair  
Slipped from beneath her hood, and I who  
looked  
To see it gray and thin, saw amplest gold;  
Not that dull metal dug from sordid earth,  
But such as the retiring sunset flood  
Leaves heaped on bays and capes of island  
cloud.”

Afterward comes the joy. There are deep wells of quiet happiness to which she has the key. The consciousness of self-mastery, of growing manhood, of putting weakness aside, of being generous or kind, or of simply doing one's duty gives a new sweetness and dignity to life, however great the sacrifice. When it comes to doing this for others the joy is immediate. Wordsworth says in the story of the “Old Cumberland Beggar:”

“—Man is dear to man; the poorest poor  
Long for some moments in a weary life  
When they can know and feel that they have  
been

Themselves, the fathers and the dealers out  
Of some small blessings; have been kind to such  
As needed kindness, for this single cause,  
That we have all of us one human heart."

And then to mark the contrast with those who make no sacrifice and are content with "cold abstinence from evil deeds," and the meeting of "inevitable charities," he gives this picture:

" — Such pleasure is to one kind being known,  
My neighbor, when with punctual care, each  
    week  
Duly as Friday comes, though pressed herself  
By her own wants, she from her store of meal  
Takes one unsparing handful for the scrip  
Of this poor mendicant, and, from her door  
Returning with exhilarated heart,  
Sits by the fire, and builds her hope of heaven."

The point to be observed is that while we are hedged about with conditions of life which we cannot change, and which often press hard upon us, and while we find ourselves under fixed laws of obligation impelling often to choices which, left to ourselves, we would not make, there is in-

finite blessing in it. It is in harmony with the universe. The beauty that delights us in nature has its counterpart in an even richer and more satisfying beauty in the soul. Obedience to law there produces better and more perfect results than in the outside world. The song of the heart is sweeter than the song of the bird. The voice of an approving conscience is more soothing and delightful than the murmur of the wind in the pine tops, or the "rippling laughter" of the blue Ægean sea. The light that floods the soul when the path of duty at last has been clearly seen and the decision taken that sets one well forward upon it, is softer than the light of the summer moon, and more life-giving than the sparkling radiance of the morning sun.

It also is not inconsistent with the asperities of life. Every spring a fresh surprise awaits us. We had cheered ourselves with the stern beauty of the winter, the soft whiteness of the all-enveloping snow, the opals and the diamonds of the ice-clad trees, the cold glitter of the innumerable stars deep set in the black vault of the all-

embracing sky. But we were always conscious of the winter. Life at best was austere. The promise lay in that which was to come. And now the spring is here, in the full glory of its abundant life. We had forgotten it was so beautiful. The winter indeed is gone. Who thinks of it? The summer is near. Every faculty is alert to gather its harvest, every sense is satisfied with the fullness of life.

It cannot be springtime always; but we need to remind ourselves that as the winter has all the blessings of the spring wrapped up within it, so the days that seem arid and wintry because some hard duty is to be done have their springtime to follow, and that the very hardness of the season may sometimes be the measure of the joys that await. In any case the supreme satisfaction, the deepest joy of which we are capable, is that which lies in the path of duty. It is to be striven for and won. It is the outcome of the fundamental and eternal laws of our being. It is the finest flower of manhood. It is that to which all morality leads. Its challenge runs:

“ I am born  
Of the immortals, and our race  
Wears still some sadness on its face :  
He wins me late, but keeps me long,  
Who dowered with every gift of passion,  
In that fierce flame can forge and fashion  
Of sin and self the anchor strong;  
Can thence compel the driving force  
Of daily life's mechanic course,  
Nor less the nobler energies  
Of needful toil and culture wise ;  
Whose soul is worth the tempter's lure,  
Who can renounce and yet endure.  
To him I come, not lightly wooed,  
But won by silent fortitude.”

They wholly mistake who object to the word ought, who disparage the thought of moral obligation, or who see in Duty only a hard task-master. Her rewards are sweet and satisfying, but, like the apples of the Hesperides, are to be had only by those who will gather them for themselves.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SIN OF SUICIDE

Why may not a man commit suicide? Life came to me without my choice; I have not consented to its obligations; why am I not free to end it? Why may I not decline to accept the responsibility?

The question comes at the end of our discussion, and must be answered, for if suicide is not a sin then the argument is weakened at a vital point, if not overthrown. It is important because suicides are now frequent and because of the prevalence of a philosophy of pessimism which justifies it. Cassius' discourse to Casca seems to have won a new nobility:

“ I know where I will wear this dagger then;  
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius;  
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most  
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.  
Nor stormy tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;  
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
If I know this, know all the world besides,  
That part of tyranny that I do bear,  
I can shake off at pleasure."

Recently in New York a young foreigner of sixteen who during the winter had frequented an East Side settlement and had filled his mind with the purpose of getting an education that he might be able to help the people of his class and race, returned one day to say that after long waiting the new public school had opened and there was no room in it for him. Then he went out and shot himself. It shows the readiness with which one who was under no great pressure of want or pain, nor in circumstances of appreciable distress, and having also large ambitions of generous service, could settle this question and take the most solemn step that can confront a human soul. We wonder at the state of mind



that made it possible and the view of life that led up to it.

It would seem to be obvious that life is a gift and that we have no right to destroy it. By no act of ours it is brought into being and put into our hands. And it is life, not a dead thing, and not a mere collection of matter. If it were merely some particular form of matter, which but just now existed in some other form, as the snow was vapor and that previously was water, we might perhaps be easily justified in hastening the change into the next form that awaits, knowing that nothing would be wasted; the sum of existence would remain unchanged. But this is a human life. It is on the earth, but not of it. Its bodily investiture is earthly, and in time must be returned to its purely earthly uses; but now it is the habitation of a human soul and, for the time at least, taken up into and made a part of its life. The question is, have I a right to attack the life?

If it be said, you only decline to accept life here on the earth and under these conditions in

which you now find yourself, you may properly hasten on to another world, or to some other form of existence; the answer is, this is the only life of which we have knowledge, and the attack is its destruction.

And whether there be an after life or not, death ends life so far as its uses and purposes in this world are concerned. In common with every other form of existence it has a purpose, and is here to realize it. It is impious to defeat it. If a costly watch be given to a child and he pounds it into pieces we feel the impropriety. We say it is a wicked waste. The watch represents all that has been put into it of labor and thought and precious materials. It was intended for a beneficent use. We feel both the waste and the defeating of the purpose. That the child did not want the watch or appreciate its value does not affect the situation. There are other considerations larger than those of the child that are the determining ones. Possessions are our own to do as we will with, only so far as we are parts of a whole, members of human

society, and subject to the laws that govern its welfare. I may freely give life up for a worthy cause, for so all life is bettered, but I may not ruthlessly destroy it, and thus defeat the purpose of existence for myself or others.

Even when one has become by reason of disease or age only a burden to oneself and to others, and the prolongation of our life seems a clog and impairment to theirs, it still remains true that the interests involved are far too delicate and too sacred for our limited judgment, and that for us to lay violent hands upon life is to arrogate to ourselves a right that does not belong to us, and to take from the Maker of All the control of that beneficent purpose which determines, both for us and those we love, the burden that is best and the task that shall be most fruitful of good.

Life, therefore, is a trust, and we are accountable for it. If life, as we believe, extends beyond the grave then so much the greater is the responsibility. Life here stands in vital relations to life beyond. It is given us for preparation. As we

have seen, every thought and act, every effort and endurance records itself indelibly in the character, it makes the man to-day other and different from what he was yesterday. It is like the web in the loom. The shuttle flies back and forth, carrying its changing threads, and, with every stroke of the beam, the thread is crowded into its place and the pattern is advanced. Our eye may not be upon it, but the pattern is there for the finished work. Suppose the weaver says he will cut the warp and destroy the loom. Then he cannot go on with the work; and that is the one thing he has to do. It is entrusted to him alone. He alone is fitted for it. In the nature of the case, life cannot be transferred from one of us if we grow tired or impatient of it, and given to another to complete the task. We must do it, or it is not to be done at all.

And what will we do if we reject it? The rule, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much," is a law of nature as well as of God. You repudiate this trust; who, then, would give to you another, or in what

world could you hope to find it? This is a world of opportunity. Here are all the unmeasured possibilities. Before us is the pattern to which we may attain. What we call hindrances and difficulties are many times soon discovered to be helps, and all of them are parts of a system which, as a whole,, is adjusted to our task. What we call earthly good, health and prosperity and money and friends, is not the measure of desert or the surest aid in working out our greatest good. Because, then, one is weary, or disheartened, or faces difficulty, or carries sorrows, to shirk one's task, or to seek to escape from it, especially in the utter ruin of the work, is both cowardly and wicked. To keep on, however heavy the task or dark the day, is to accept the shuttle with its threads, be they what they may, and to weave them patiently into the web in the sweet assurance that the beauty of the pattern requires the dark as well as the light, and the finished work will be the better and not the worse, for the Great Designer who has entrusted to us the task knows better than we do what is

required. "Enough of questions," said Lancelot. "These are things whereto each man must answer for himself, and not for others. True knight taketh counsel of the time. Every day his own deed. And the winning of a quest is not by haste nor by hope, but by what needs to be done; that must ye do while ye are in the way."



PART V

THE RULES OF THE GAME





## CHAPTER I

### OF THE BODY

Every game has its rules. Chess men, for example, must be placed upon the board in a certain order; each piece has a special value, and can be moved only in a particular way. The rules are so old that no one knows who made them, but they are binding upon all players. Chess can be played in no other way. It is not important who made the rules of a game provided they are understood and accepted by the players. Then the game can go on with pleasure. Some games are so simple that we take it for granted that anybody can play, as when children play tag or fox and geese, but even then there must be an understanding, which amounts to a rule; and the moment any game demands skill or has a number of players the rules become numerous and exact, as in whist or football. The rules

really make the game, as technical skill with an instrument makes music. Everybody laughed at the Irishman who was asked if he could play the violin and replied that he did not know, he never had tried; yet very many people think they are quite competent to play the great game of life when they have no better preparation. No other game is so complex. The pieces are numerous and have widely different values. The prizes are great and the penalties severe. There are many players and we all must play, whether we like it or not. It is worth the while, then, to know the rules, they are of high authority and not over plain.

Our bodies may be compared to chess men; we play the game of life with them, and we are sure to play it badly if we do not know their value in the game, and something of their proper use.

The plan of nature seems to be that the body shall be sound and well. It is so ordinarily at the opening of life, and if in any instance it is not so the tendency of nature is to set it right. What is known as the restorative force of nature

(*vis medicatrix naturæ*) within us is seen not only mending a broken bone and healing a cut, but always striving to keep us up to a normal or natural state of health and strength. When in any case this cannot be done the weak or deformed body does not often long survive. The chief work of life is certainly to be done by the well and the strong. It behooves us therefore to learn the laws of health and to try to keep well.

The body itself has two methods of helping us to do this; one is the warnings of pain and the other the demands of the appetites. Physical pain is often called the Great Mystery and usually regarded as the chief evil. But its function is largely a healing and protective one. In animals, for example, pain is apparently much sharper in anticipation of injury than after injury has occurred. A hare, it has long been known, cries when the hounds are upon her, but however badly wounded, in the jaws of the dog she is still. The shriek of a frightened horse is terrific, but a much mutilated horse will eat

heartily and even graze hobbling on the projecting bone of a broken leg; and the appetite for food is a sensitive measure of pain. The function of pain with the animals seems to be chiefly to warn them of danger and to lead them to escape. When the injury is already incurred and the animal can do little more for itself, the pain diminishes or altogether ceases. The quietness of animals in the jaws of beasts of prey is so marked as to have given rise to the suggestion of some narcotic in the carnivora's bite. In man pain is modified with reference to man's intelligence and power to minister to himself. Pain is the early and continuous warning that the body is suffering injury and needs care. Toothache, for example, is a call for the prompt service of the dentist, where but for the pain a tooth would be allowed to decay and so much of the ability to masticate food would be lost. A sliver in the finger soon demands attention, that it may be removed, as a stomach-ache is often the most effective teacher of the evil of eating green apples or of stuffing with too much of anything.

This function of pain needs to be understood. A kitten, if it is awake, frolics; if asleep, sleeps quietly. If it whines or cries, we know that something is wrong that it cannot itself cure or otherwise make known. Our body shows similar symptoms; it tells us, if not in words, yet with reasonable distinctness, when it is abused; and it is our business to pay attention. To refuse to do so is to unfit ourselves for the business of life.

In our ignorance and helplessness, many have to suffer pain which cannot be removed, and not a few go through life burdened with it. Some of the finest heroism in life is exhibited by patient sufferers, and some of the world's best work has been done by those who were sadly handicapped by disease and pain. Prescott, the historian, and Milton, when he wrote "Paradise Lost," were blind, and, to mention only recent instances, Richard Henry Green, the author of "The History of the English People," and John Addington Symonds, the historian of the Renaissance, Robert Louis Stevenson, the author, and Herbert Spencer, the philosopher, were life-long suf-

ferers and invalids. Pain and illness are a summons to care for the body, to study its condition, to remove, if possible, the cause of its injury, to seek the wisest counsel in doing this and in determining the method of life that will secure health. But illness and pain are also a summons to show character and manhood, to exercise intelligence, not to surrender oneself to ignorance or superstition, and not to feel that we are discharged from the exercise of proper self-control or even the performance of daily duties. To whine and fret, to talk incessantly about one's ailments, to make them an excuse for ill-temper, to consult everyone and everybody whether they know anything or not, as to remedies, to believe credulously what anyone tells us or what the papers advertise, to suffer any charlatan to try experiments with us on the ground that it "may do some good," to believe that "disease is sin," or any other nonsense, than that it is a derangement of the most delicate and complicated piece of mechanism in existence, which requires the most intelligent and expert management to read-

just, and which if it cannot be so readjusted is still the only body we have, this is certainly not playing the game. For this ill and suffering body is still capable of doing very much for us, and of helping us to do so much of the work of life as is within our reach, and to show, if only by patience and self-control, a real manhood and a true courage, and when the time comes at last "to die like a gentleman." And that is no small thing. Health and strength are a great blessing, to be won and kept, if God will. But they are not the greatest good, and sooner or later must be laid down by everyone. Meanwhile the ministry of pain is given that we may know our blessings and cherish them.

Then there are the appetites. They are the voices by which the body calls to us to supply its needs, and in so doing contributes to our immediate pleasure. The pleasure in gratifying an appetite is so prompt and so real that we think far more of that than we do of the bodily want. We like a "good dinner," we prefer cake to bread, pie to potatoes, a "soda" to cold water,



not because they contain more "calories" of nourishment, but because they are "good," that is, they gratify the appetite. It is important to recognize, therefore, that the appetites can be overstimulated and that the pleasure they give is very short lived. We can eat only so much, then we want no more. Nature protests, and the pleasure ceases. Every attempt to stimulate the appetite and to continue the pleasure in the face of that protest, is sure to make trouble for us. We create an appetite which has no relation to the bodily need, as when the drunkard continues to drink, or the smoker to smoke, or the glutton to gorge, or the girl to stuff herself with candy, or the lazy man to lie in bed. The appetite for food, or drink, or a narcotic, or rest, has given place to a physical habit which makes us its slave. It arose in an uncontrolled desire for the pleasure the particular appetite gave rise to. That has developed a habit which controls, even when it brings discomfort, illness and pain.

The hungry boy says his "mouth waters" at the sight of the luscious peaches on the tree, or

at the smell of the dinner; the tired man says, "How good bed is!" The wants of our body are intended to bring us pleasures as genuine, as common and as satisfying as are the beauties of nature. Only when they are taken advantage of to force a pleasure which is unreasonable, or to stimulate an appetite till it becomes a lust, are they injurious. Then the appetite itself fails, the power of digestion diminishes, the very bodily organs which are connected with it lose their sensitiveness and even atrophy from overstimulation as other organs may do from disuse. The overindulgence enfeebles the body, dulls the brain, perverts the affections, undermines the health and destroys manhood. The functions of the body which were given it to make it the efficient and satisfying servant have changed it into the unreasoning and tyrannical master. The man who has become the slave of his appetite, whatever that appetite may be, for drink, or tobacco, or drugs, is out of the game. He no longer is free to play his part or to attain the end for which he was made. His growth in

all that is best is arrested and perverted. On the other hand, the man who has acquired the habit of control of his appetites has secured, together with abundance of innocent pleasure, the aid of the sound body, as the home of the sound mind, and the ready servant of the will. To love the flesh and to pander to it is to be carnal and sensual; but to reverence one's body and to care for it, is to honor the temple and the abode of the soul.

## CHAPTER II

### OF SEX

A long time ago a lady of high position and large experience said: "There are but two kinds of people, men and women." It was testimony to that one distinction among human beings that has existed from the beginning and is so important as to make all others relatively insignificant. The phrase, "the eternal feminine," declares the same truth. The relation of the sexes to each other constitutes the beginning of human society in the family, and furnishes the chief conditions under which human society develops. A large part of the inspiration to right living arises in it, and the standards and rules of refinement and progress are largely derived from it. Only fools and brutish persons make light of it or treat it coarsely. The understanding of this relation and of the obvious rules

that govern it are, therefore, of primary importance.

History shows that there has always been a tendency to make woman either a goddess or a slave. The chivalric devotion of the Middle Ages which sent out the knight wearing the favor of his lady love to do valiant service for her, and in her name for every lady in distress, was a sentimental expression of the great truth that, in the minds of men, women must ever be raised above them or they will fall below. There is a vast distance between the lady love and the slave, but they mark the extreme points on a sliding scale, and there is no stationary position midway. Men will ever look up to women, or they will look down upon them. This does not mean that every man should look upon every woman as his lady love, but that every right-minded man will look upon every woman through eyes which have in mind his mother and his sister and his wife. He will regard her as being of the sex to which they belong, and will hold that sex as being in the order of nature other and finer, and therefore

to be treated with more consideration and respect, than men.

The only alternative to this is the certain degradation of both women and men. On this point history is clear. A woman may be a plaything, or a companion, or a servant, and in all instances, to her either as an individual or as a class, where respect is withheld, degradation follows.

This tendency to exalt, or to degrade women has resulted in great inequality in the eyes of the law, and often to great injustice. The modern movement to secure equal rights for women has accomplished much good. It has won protection for women before the law in regard to their property, their children and their person. It has made their equal rights a mark of the civilization of the community; and all civilized states to-day recognize this. But it has wrought evil where it has been perverted to foster the idea that the equality of woman means that women should in all respects be put upon the same plane as men and be treated as men are treated.

When women demand this, when they assume men's ways, or wear men's attire, or disregard the characteristic courtesies which men are accustomed to show to women, when, in short, women would have all distinctions between themselves and men as far as possible obliterated, they throw away all that society has gained in its securing for woman that special position which is her protection and her privilege.

The fact to be remembered is that the relation of the sexes in which courtesy and respect and personal purity have come to be established as the mark of a true womanhood, is not a native endowment, still less a matter of course. It has been won by centuries of conflict. It is the latest as it is the finest flower of civilization. The epochs which we look upon as the great ages of the past, the golden days of Greece and Rome, of Egypt and of Babylon, did not know it. Where it has existed at all it has been limited to a small and restricted class, and has not been permanent. To-day it is attacked on every side by the forces of selfishness, and luxury, and

passion. It is to be preserved only by earnest contending for it and the most strenuous conviction of its importance.

The rules of a proper conduct, therefore, are simple and easy to be understood. Everything in a man's treatment of a woman that tends to put her on the level of man tends to her degradation. Consequently even what are known as the little courtesies of life, touching one's hat to a woman, rising to give her a seat, relieving her of burdens, granting to her precedence or a choice of position, refraining from rough or harsh speech in her presence, having care to show to her gentleness of manner; all these have a value far beyond their meaning as conventionalities. They are powerful to preserve in the minds of both men and women that respect for woman upon which so much in human society depends. Understanding this, right-minded boys will not be rude to girls or say things that are coarse; and no self-respecting girl will allow that roughness which would suggest even the possibility of rudeness or that impropriety of speech that would



imply coarseness. A girl will regard her person as in such a sense sacred, that she will resent even the touch of a hand that would indicate disrespect. Every man is perfectly aware when he takes the first step in impropriety toward a woman, and every boy knows when he is intentionally rude or has thoughts he should not have, or makes equivocal remarks to see how far he can go. Every girl should feel as by instinct when anything is done that is derogatory to her as a girl, or which opens the door for possible further advance, and should be as jealous of her self-respect as of her good name. Her chief defense is not in indignant rebukes so much as honest shame at the insult and refusal to be seen to recognize it. Courtesy, which is the true mark of refinement, means consideration for another's self-respect. It will be always shown by those who respect themselves, and who have that kindness of heart which leads them to put forth the effort, or make the slight sacrifice which will contribute to another's well being. It is well to remember that when one's

self-respect is gone little remains of womanhood or of manhood, and that therefore no injury can be suffered or inflicted that is more serious. Little things become great when they have such great effect; and the relation of the sexes to each other is given that it may furnish the opportunity for the best discipline that life affords, and at the same time may open the way for the surest advancement of the race and the greatest happiness of all.

In recognition of this, cultivated communities have come to make what is termed Modesty the supreme grace of woman. It is to her a garment of strength and beauty, and a witness to her womanhood. She has no occasion to assert what all recognize, or to demand rights which no one questions. The costume or the action that suggests immodesty is a voluntary descent from the position which the community gladly assigns to a woman; it is an accepted degradation, a choice of unloveliness, and a challenge to impurity. There is a course of conduct which for both men and women, whether high or low, rich or poor,

depraves the mind, hardens the heart, destroys the joy of life and ruins the soul. It is well to remember that the only protection is in oneself, and the only safety is in resisting the beginnings of evil. The girl who does not honor herself will be honored of none. When honor is gone nothing is left.

The fact that a girl may have laid aside her modesty or lost her self-respect or her honor, is no excuse for a man. She still is a woman. His manhood is set over against all womanhood for protection and for mutual blessing. He is face to face with the great temptation of his life. The pity of it when the strong falls to the level of the weak, and he who is set to protect and uphold becomes the sharer of degradation and of shame! One whose life was bitter with the ruin of other lives, in which he had shared, wrote the sad confession:

“ I waive the quantum o’ the sin,  
The hazard of concealing;  
But, och! it hardens a’ within  
And petrifies the feeling! ”

The secrecy emphasizes the shame. The defiling of the heart and the closing of it henceforth to all that is good and pure is the price to be paid. It is death to all that is spiritual and best, paralysis in goodness, blindness to God, and the profanation of His temple:

“ That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,  
That masterful negation and collapse  
Of all that makes us men.”

## CHAPTER III

### OF THE TRUE SELF

There are other features of self-respect than those which pertain to sex. They arise out of our relations to the world at large. A gentleman riding in the street car took out a nickel to pay his fare. The conductor passed up and down without noticing him. His impulse was to put the money back in his pocket, but he hesitated, evidently, as a look out of the corner of his eye showed, because he was in doubt whether the gentleman sitting next him was observing him. Again the conductor passed and again he made no sign. As the conductor was coming the third time his neighbor turned somewhat noticeably and looked at him; then he reached out his hand and paid his fare. A block or two beyond he left the car. It was apparent that but for the eye of the neighbor he would not have paid for

his ride. The curious fact is that men who regard themselves as gentlemen will do such things. Many men can be trusted with a thousand dollars who cannot be trusted not to cheat over a matter of ten cents or in a game where nothing may be at stake. The kind of honesty that will allow people to take what does not belong to them, especially if it is not of great value, and they are not likely to be called to account, to steal for the sake of a "souvenir," or to scamp work, or to "beat the railroad," or to be paid for what they have not earned, ought to be rare, but unfortunately it is not.

The same trait appears in the matter of not telling the truth. When one is not under oath, or when the matter is not held important, or when the statement is not likely to be challenged, or when one's own interest is sharply involved, many find it easy to prevaricate, or even to lie, who still would be greatly distressed if they thought that they would be considered untruthful.

The fact is few of us are aware how much we

are dependent upon other people for our standards of right and wrong, and also for the strength in which we hold ourselves to doing the right we know. Remove that restraint and we easily fall. Our honesty and our truthfulness, and not a few of the other virtues upon which we plume ourselves, in very many cases exist because, like an old barn, they are shored up from without. But for onlookers, or public opinion, or the law, the structure of our virtue would often tumble down. We recognize the folly of dishonesty, if not the sin of it. We approve the teaching of the wise poet:

“Lie not, but let thy heart be true to God,  
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them both;  
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rod;  
The stormy-working soul spits lies and  
froth.  
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie:  
A fault which needs it most grows two  
thereby.”

And still we find it hard to be true when our interests are at stake and no one will know.

Right living requires, therefore, the development of strength within. This comes along the lines of self-respect. If we can keep in mind what we are, and whither we are going; if we understand what life is in its endowment, and in its ordered development; if we have before our minds the ideal of what it is intended that we should become, and the dignity and the privilege of the part we are permitted to play in trying to attain it, then we will not want to demean ourselves. In each case the question will be, how will this affect my self-respect? We shall be the severest judges of ourselves, for we know better than any one else the nature of the injury that deceit or dishonesty or untruthfulness or meanness does oneself. We cannot bear to despise ourselves. A nickel saved is a long way short of compensating us for that injury.

If therefore we can acquire this habit of looking at life from the standpoint of one's own self-respect we have both a standard of judgment and a defense against temptation that can be counted upon. If we have on our "Sunday



clothes " we are careful how we come in contact with filth. If a man has accepted a noble service he will eagerly guard himself against what would bring it dishonor. There is a splendid saying of Algernon Sidney's. When he was in prison under sentence of death his father sent to him urging that he would take the oath of allegiance which his conscience would not allow, and which would give him immediate release. He sent back the answer, " I have long been of the mind that when I should find myself in such dire circumstances that I could only save my life by doing that which would demean myself, I should understand that He who gave me life desires me to give it back into His hands." The soldier who dies rather than accept disgrace, is the ideal of that fine type of manhood which, in the common things of life no less than in the exceptional ones, is trained to fear no severer condemnation than that which one pronounces upon oneself, and also knows no sweeter reward than the approval of one's own heart.

The question will often arise as to how far

one should go in defense of his honor or self-respect. This has been made the justification of duelling, which now is everywhere condemned. It was a crude and often cruel way of protecting oneself against injury for which there seemed no other redress. Without doubt it rendered for a time great service to society. It emphasized and sustained the conception of the worth of character and the place of self-respect in an age when law was imperfect and ill enforced. It has passed away because other and better methods have been found for securing the same results. The standards of personal honor and the general level of character are certainly not lower in communities where duelling long has ceased to exist than in those where it is still occasionally practised.

But the question still arises, Shall a boy fight; shall a man enter into a quarrel? The general welfare requires that the redressing of most wrongs be left to the State. For this reason the community has laws, and consents to abide by their arbitrament. It is for the general peace

that this is so; and the fact that the law exists goes far to lead men to overlook injury, to bear with one another, and not lightly to quarrel. A law-abiding community is always a peaceful community. But there are wrongs of which the law does not take cognizance, or where the action of the law seems too remote and too slow; cases where one's self-respect is involved, or where personal injury is threatened, or where one's feelings are greatly roused. There doubtless are instances where redress taken into one's own hands seems the most satisfactory, as when the weak are to be protected, or women are insulted, or a bully is to be put down, or a personal attack is to be resisted. But in such cases the action must be short, sharp and decisive. It is justifiable only as a necessary and preliminary procedure until the proper methods of protection and punishment have time to come into action. But even then it is always questionable whether anything is settled that is settled only by force. It may seem for the moment the only way, but it must always be in recognition of the

fact that there should be a better way and it is the business of a finer manhood to find it. Courage is not to be measured by readiness to fight. Often a much finer courage is required not to do so. Self-restraint is the mark of the strong, and the blusterer is generally a coward. The quarrelsome person is sure to find trouble, and a peaceable man can usually have peace. If quarrels arise and one is in the right he does not need to get angry, and if he is in the wrong he cannot afford to. It is far better therefore to delay action until anger has cooled. A self-respect that cannot wait for vindication until ill temper has subsided is not a very substantial article.

“ Be calm in arguing, for fierceness makes  
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Calmness is great advantage; he that lets  
Another chafe, may warm him at his fire.”

A man who is very sensitive over his own rights ought to be equally careful of the rights of others, and that can never be the case when men are angry. There is something in the freedom

of our American institutions that makes us very impatient of brawls. We find it hard to be persuaded that there is any right in them. A quarrelsome man we do not tolerate. There are few situations which quietness and persistent courtesy do not command. It is well to remember the counsel of the saintly George Herbert:

“ Scorn no man’s love, though of a mean degree:  
    (Love is a present for a mighty King.)  
Much less make any one thine enemy,  
    As guns destroy, so may a little sling.”

## CHAPTER IV

### OF WORK

When work of one kind or another has to occupy so large a part of life it is unfortunate to have it ever regarded as an evil. From the moment we are born until at last we are laid in the grave some one has to work for us, or we must be working for ourself. It is obvious that what occupies so large a part of life must be valuable to life. We work to live, and we live to work, if by work we mean that putting forth of energy which is directed to produce results that shall contribute to the sum of well being. Every man hopes that in some way the world will be the better for his having lived, and he looks for that in something that he has done in the way of work.

Everything about us exists that it may perform its part in the scheme of nature. In our

ignorance we may not be able to say just what that part is. We wonder, for example, why there should be mosquitoes, but they are no exception to nature's law of busy activity. The great business of life is certainly to learn to work. The purpose to work and the choice of work are therefore matter for us all.

Much thought seems to be given to-day to discovering how to avoid work. And that not because of labor-saving machines. Labor-saving machines have their value in that they multiply opportunities for work. They increase the effectiveness of work; they make production cheap; and so they increase the consumption of the product. That increases the demand and gives work to a multitude. When the earth was plowed with a crooked stick, and the wheat cut with a sickle, and ground in a quern, few people had bread to eat and few could live on the soil. When the steel plow came, and the harvester and the grist mill, every one had bread, and the land swarmed with busy folk. But now we are all trying to escape work. We want as few

hours of it as possible, lest there will not be enough to go around, and we want pay largely for what we do not do. Some cynic has said: "Life would be very enjoyable if it were not for its pleasures." Pleasure seekers get wofully bored. But with most men work is the thing to be escaped. The ideal in many minds would seem to be, all pay and no work at all, or only what work is involved in "cutting off coupons." Few workmen take pride in their work, and none in the amount that they can do in a given time.

All this marks a great change in the idea that maintains in regard to work itself. It once was a badge of servitude. The Roman patrician would not learn to sing or to read because he could buy a slave who would do these things for him, as he could buy one to make his clothes and till his fields. For a long period the value of a workman depended upon his skill. When he ceased to be a slave this became the measure of his well-being, and therefore of his satisfaction, for it determined the amount of his wages and also of his self-esteem. The only way, and



the sure way, of bettering his condition was in doing better work or more of it.

Now, for the time being, things have changed. Trade unions have fixed a uniform wage and a uniform measure of production. A man not only must have so much pay for so much work, but he must not do more work, and all workmen are reduced as far as possible to the same level of productivity. The union has undoubtedly improved the condition of the workingman in many respects, and the union has certainly a large part to play in the general progress of the future, but it has been instrumental in spreading abroad a feeling in regard to work to which unfortunately we all incline far too easily. The dignity of work and the privilege of work we have lost sight of, and in so doing we are depriving ourselves of much, both of the benefit of life and of the joy of life. The land of the Lotos-eaters, where life is one long undisturbed dream, is all very well for a tale; but it would not do for men and women of our make-up. We need to run up against something harder. Even

our teeth fail us if we try to live on soft food. And there is a fibre of the spirit that is lacking where men are not called to brace themselves for a daily task that makes serious draft upon their energy. A man whose days are linked each to each with steady industry has a conscious element of strength whatever his task may be; and the man whose days run away in intermitted effort or listless idleness, ungirds both body and soul.

But there is a wide choice in work for most people. The poet Gray has left a letter to a young friend who wrote asking advice as to the choice of an occupation, and complaining because he found in himself no particular predilection. "The idea," he says, "of repining because you were not born to a poky profession, as if the great art of life were not in learning how to employ oneself!" Most men can earn a living, and some can live without earning their living, because some one else is earning, or has earned it for them; but it still remains a matter of importance how we elect to employ ourselves. For

many it is settled by circumstances beyond their control, and in the main settled satisfactorily; for many it is settled by chance, and perhaps generally to their contentment; but the privilege of choice in such a matter is much to be coveted. For we all have gifts, or abilities, in some sense peculiarly our own. If we can learn just what they are, and then can set ourselves to that to which we are most particularly fitted, we shall do the very best with ourselves. It is well, therefore, for young people to have this in mind, to watch the development of their own faculties and tastes, to take wise counsel, and if possible not to decide too soon. Some faculties do not disclose themselves until maturity, or until we have had the experience which calls them forth, and one does not well to decide, and then have to change. Furthermore, the broader the education we get before we are compelled to specialize and concentrate, as one must when his life work is determined, the more intelligent our choice and the more competent we are for our work. The important truth is that the right employment

of a man in the best exercise of his best powers is that use of himself which most surely helps him toward the attainment of the ultimate goal of his existence. It gives him therefore the surest happiness.

Men are often heard saying that the world owes them a living. Generally those who say it are the ones who would have most difficulty in furnishing proof. If a young man is inclined to fall back upon this comfortable assertion, let him ask himself what great difference it would have made to the world whether he had been born or not, and then let him ask how much he has contributed to the world since then for which he has not had ample return. If he thinks that does not balance the account, let him ask what he thinks the world would suffer if now he should drop out and the world should never hear of him again. There are those for whom the world will gladly care; the aged, who after a long life of diligent toil wait now with exhausted powers for the rest that remains for such as truly deserve it; the infirm, in ministering

to whom the world finds its own sweet comfort and rich blessing; little children, in whom lies the future; and the worthy poor, who have met the vicissitudes of life and are eagerly looking for opportunity to care for themselves. But when it comes to the evil doer and the lazy, it would be difficult to show that they have any rightful demands which the world is bound to respect, beyond such as will make for their sharp correction. The law of life is Progress, and those who can and will not contribute to it are so far outcast. This is intended to be a busy world in which all work is honorable, and the legend which the good English king wrote over the school he founded, "Teach, or Learn, or Depart," *Aut Doce aut Disce aut Discede*, sums up the rule of industry for all.

## CHAPTER V

### OF THE RULE OF THE GANG

When a great manufacturing corporation takes into its employ a promising youth, a young college man for example, it generally assigns him to the lowest place in the factory; it sets him at work with the commonest laborers. The purpose is not so much that he may learn how the product is made, or to know good work from bad. That he might learn from the customers. Nor is it particularly to learn the business "from the bottom up." Rather it is that he may learn men, the men with whom chiefly he will have to deal if he should rise to occupy the place for which it is hoped he will prove competent. It is a harsh method, but no other is so effective.

School is intended to be for us all the beginning of that education. We are thrown in with others of our kind with whom at once we have

to learn to get on, and in that the great education for life begins. Children who grow up, never having been at school, suffer for this reason an almost irreparable loss, however beautiful their home, or however excellent their tutors. Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, used to say that the great public schools of England, like Rugby and Eton and Harrow, were the best of all English schools, largely for this reason, that the boys did so much for one another. The school is a little world in itself, and the pupils have opportunity of getting that knowledge of human nature and that discipline from having to adjust themselves to one another, which is so necessary for future success. Kipling, writing of an English schoolboy says: "His teachers were leading him on to see, more by half-hints than by any direct work, how boys and men are all of a piece, and how he who can handle the one will assuredly in time control the other. He did not know that he bore from school a character worth more than fine gold. \* \* \* His training had taught him how many were the things no fellow

can do." He had acquired a standard of honor that would not permit those things.

Of course lessons are to be taught and learned, but the main purpose of a school is to subject the pupils to a set of influences which tend to take each one out of himself, and make him feel that he is a part of a community to be served loyally and unselfishly, wherein each member can take more pride and pleasure in his contributions to the success of the whole, than in the attempt to lay that whole under contribution to his own success. His training, as has often been said, is "to give him a chance to decide how he can best serve the public; in what work he has the best prospect of honorable influence for himself and full performance of his duties to his fellow-men." This is more potent in the life of large schools than in small ones, but it is the main business of schools of all kinds. This being the case, we have to ask how right living is affected by school life.

Every one who has read *The Jungle Books* knows what the Law of the Pack means. It is



the unwritten law which is supposed to govern the wild animals in the forest. It has grown out of the conditions in which they are engaged in a constant contest for food, for mutual protection and for life itself. Elephants, wolves, monkeys, go in packs or herds for mutual helpfulness, and the Law of the Pack comes to be inexorable in the governing of all.

Schoolboys constitute a Pack or Gang, and the Rule of the Gang comes to be as absolute as that of the Pack in the forest. Every member of the school finds himself called to do as the others do, to accept their opinions, to adopt their ways, to be eagerly responsive to their control; in short, to make their will his will, and to conform in all things to their standards. Against this Rule of the Gang, for it is in the most questionable matters generally the arbitrary authority of a small group, it is very difficult to stand; and the question is how far and in what direction should resistance go?

Manifestly good fellowship requires a general acceptance of the life of the crowd, acceding

to their wishes, playing their games, doing as they do, in the common interest. One does not want to be singular, or to "flock off by himself," and no one makes himself so disagreeable as one who sets himself up as a perpetual critic of his fellows. But when the Rule of the Gang becomes oppressive, when, like the political party machine, it falls under the control of a "boss," when it is made a sufficient and final authority, when it is used to break down individual judgment or self-respect, or when it is arrayed against rules or conduct that pertain to a higher authority, like that of the school, or the parent, or of morality, then it becomes a tyranny that must be resisted. Here is the call for manhood and the test of character. Here is the occasion to determine whether what one has accepted as the Rule of Duty shall be obeyed or not. Because the situation is beset with difficulties, because the fight must often be single-handed against the crowd, because it is so easy to yield, and so hard to stand out, because sneers and obloquy are so hard to bear, it counts for so

much in the building of character and in preparation for life. Just here the saddest defeats occur, and the most memorable victories are won. It is a contest no one should seek, but, also it is often a contest that cannot be avoided.

The Italians have a phrase, "Rome conquers or is conquered." Men going from the country to Rome to live, find themselves under new and strange conditions. The fascination of the great city is bewildering. For those who can withstand it, Rome has everything to give; those who cannot, it grinds to powder. It is so everywhere in life with the power of the Gang. Call it Public Opinion, or the Mob, or People, or Our Set, or the Crowd, or all the Fellows, or by whatever name you choose to designate the group to which one looks for his standards and authority, it either conquers or is conquered. Well then for him who is so quietly established in his own convictions, and so disciplined in his mastery over himself that in his settled ways he leads rather than is lead, and rules most when least he seems to rule. One who has stood the test of the

Gang in school and in college is prepared to be a master of men in life.

Some of the great Western rivers, because of the swiftness of their current, have their waters loaded with silt. If one tries to set a stake in the river the current instantly attacks it, swinging it back and forth, and if it is lightly set, uprooting it. But if on the contrary the stake is firmly driven, the river quickly surrenders as one conquered, and at once begins, because of its resisted and impeded current, to heap sand about the stake until before long it has so firmly imbedded it, taking it into its strong embrace, that it cannot be withdrawn. So the world treats our attempts to be ourself. Let us oppose half-heartedly an opinion or a habit of those about us, and the stream rushes upon us, shakes us with a laugh and carries us off with its current. But let any one drive his purpose deep, let him set his habit with intent to have it stay, and the world pauses, takes his measure, and quietly comes to his support. It says, "His habit is to do so and so." "He has convictions upon that

point," " His principles require it," and it proceeds to adjust itself to him. The Rule of the Gang is dangerous, only to the half-persuaded and the weak.

## CHAPTER VI

### OF THE CITIZEN

American freedom means Liberty protected by Law. Every one knows that the Liberty has been won only by many and fierce struggles; all are prepared to believe that "eternal vigilance" is now its price. But few are aware that Law also has been won only with similar sacrifice and effort, and, if it is to be the only safeguard of Liberty, requires for its preservation a vigilance none the less watchful and intelligent.

Some years ago a distinguished German professor opened a course of lectures in Berlin by pointing out the difference in conduct of an Englishman and a German when traveling, and meeting petty impositions. The German, he said, if overcharged, will protest, and shrug his shoulders, and go his way. He will not take

the time to appeal to the proper authority and have the abuse corrected. The Englishman, on the contrary, even if overcharged a sixpence by the porter carrying his trunk, will not hesitate to stop his journey, if need be, hale the offender to the magistrate, and see that the law is applied and the transgressor punished. Then he went on to say that in that difference lies the distinction of Great Britain among all the nations of Europe. Her people respect the law and hold themselves bound at any sacrifice to maintain it. We all know that it is the land of Pym and Hampden and the Magna Charta. But here was one of the first authorities in the world taking such a slight instance as this to illumine a national history and to introduce a disquisition upon the impossibility of permanently preserving either Liberty or Law where the individual citizen does not show respect for the Law and is not willing to sacrifice his ease or his comfort to secure its efficiency.

Here then is a consideration that lies at the foundation of the question of Citizenship. When

the citizens of a community disregard or disobey the laws of the community, they strike at the life of the community, doubly so when as in an American community they make their own laws. A young man may drive his automobile thirty or forty miles an hour, or shoot game out of season, or ride his bicycle on forbidden sidewalks, and be "mad" or laugh when he pays his fine, and proceed to repeat the offence because he does not care for the penalty, but he forgets that he is degrading the citizenship which he is proud to proclaim when he casts his first vote, and is setting an example of lawlessness which the "lewd fellows of the baser sort" are only too eager to follow.

The same is true in regard to individual and public rights. The law is made to secure to the community the enjoyment of quiet, of personal comfort and safety, and of the undisturbed enjoyment of their possessions. When, therefore, the public peace is broken, or the comfort or safety of individuals endangered, or their property destroyed, however slight the particular



damage may be, the rights of the community are impaired and its laws cast into disrespect. "Student pranks" may be "natural" and "amusing," but when they take this form they make for lawlessness, and they are a plea for license on the part of those who of all people in the community are receiving most from the public, and rendering the least in return. As a privileged class they are under a peculiar obligation to be considerate of the general good. The maxim *Noblesse oblige* ought to apply.

The word most frequently on the lips of the criminal class is that if they only had money they could escape conviction. They think that the laws are made for the rich. They so often see rich people escaping the consequences of their misdeeds, and they hear so continually of the power of corporations over the law-making bodies. When, therefore, men of means or position are indifferent to the laws or are found using them for their special advantage, not only is injustice done, but respect for law is destroyed, and with that the liberties of the people are

threatened. The ill odor that attaches to certain great corporations is due, whether justly or unjustly, as much to their reputation in this connection as in any other.

The increase in the number of very rich men in the country, and the growth in the power of great business corporations, are already having a marked effect upon public life in many directions. Rich men are often selected for high office simply because they are rich; and exalted station is beginning to be coveted by them both for the honor and the power it represents. The Senate of the United States has become notably an assemblage of very rich men. Senator Hoar in his Autobiography, in which he reviewed its history for nearly half a century, took a very optimistic view, and thought that while there have been times when certain great Senators were more distinguished than any were in his day, the average excellence of the Senators was high and worthily representative. This is in accord with what we are glad to believe of our political life in general and the life of the people

at large. But it remains true that the perils are of the kind we have indicated, and which are generally feared. Rich men and men engaged in great affairs of their own, readily excuse themselves from responsibility for what they call outside matters. If they or their corporations are recouped for any loss they may have incurred, or are not immediately affected by a particular evil, or the doings of a particular transgressor, they readily excuse themselves from any responsibility for the vindication of the law in the punishment of offenders or for the protection of the State. The wealthiest man in one of our great cities said on a certain occasion in response to a personal appeal to take part in an effort to rid the city of a most corrupt Ring, "So long as they let me alone I do not care. I can make in my business in a week more than they can steal from me in a year."

All this indicates the reasons that exist for young men interesting themselves in politics, and suggests the line of their activity. It is not simply that it offers a possible brilliant career, with

promise of large usefulness. Rather it is because it is the obvious duty of every right-minded citizen to do his part in the preservation of the State, and because this is the direction in which the welfare and the life of the State are most dangerously attacked, and where strenuous and conscientious effort is most needed and most effective. In many political centers throughout our land the intelligent unselfish devotion of a small group of young men, and sometimes even of one, has done more for the cause of good government than all other forces combined; and not infrequently in our great cities the name of a single public officer has become the synonym of justice, as his continuance in office has been the guarantee of the enforcement of the law. Dr. Barnett, the rector of St. Jude's, with which Toynbee Hall is connected, in White Chapel, in London, tells of a quiet man who by some fifteen years of faithful and unrecognized service on a public board, was able to change the very conditions of life under which thirty thousand people dwelt. By his fidelity to his voluntary

task, his intelligence in studying the existing conditions and his patience in dealing with them and bringing them to the knowledge of those who could help, he wrought results which had seemed almost impossible. Influence begins in little things, and in individual care to do what one would have others do. Watchful regard for the interests of the public in matters of daily life is sure to bring larger opportunity of public service. The City History Classes and Good Citizenship Clubs among the school children of some of our cities have already done much to awaken, even in little children, an interest in the State, and to open ways in which they could give substantial aid. They are of immense service in creating a new sense of the dignity of citizenship in the minds of the immigrant population. One of the members of the Moseley Educational Commission said just before returning to England that the most remarkable thing he had seen on his visit, was the refusal in New York City of a Polish lad of some fourteen or fifteen years of age to take a quarter of a dollar that was

offered him for escorting the gentlemen from the school to some neighboring place they wished to visit. The lad had been in America only two years, but his words were: "You are a stranger, Sir, and I cannot take money for showing you about *our country*."

## CHAPTER VII

### OF BUSINESS

Whatever the reasons may be, money is the sharpest test of character. In every other relation people are often seen to be invulnerable, but when it comes to matters of money, whether much or little, they fall. Families are divided, friends of a lifetime are made enemies, neighbors are alienated, character is put in pawn, reputation is imperiled, and all over a few dollars, and generally in cases where the gain really signifies very little to the possessor. This is by no means limited to affairs of private life. Business men are continually seen overreaching in little things, showing small meannesses, practising petty dishonesties, taking advantage of others' ignorance, when the gain is so small as not to be mentioned against the inevitable loss of good will and of business credit, when the matter is known.

The common justification is that "business is business." *Caveat emptor*, let every man look out for himself, is the prevalent maxim. As we all have to do much business, and as business is the sole and honorable occupation of a vast multitude of people, it is of importance that its real requirements be understood.

The governing purpose of all business is to make money. Incidentally it accomplishes many other things: it promotes the world's welfare; it creates articles of value or brings them to those who need them; it gives necessary employment to labor, and it occupies worthily and satisfactorily a man's keenest faculties. Many men do business for the mere pleasure of doing it, or for the sense of power it gives. But when all is said, the real inspiration and test lies in the money that is made. Where gain is not reasonably sure, the business soon ceases.

The accumulation of property is a perfectly legitimate occupation. It is power stored for future use, like water in a reservoir. It is accumulated that it may be drawn upon at times



when otherwise supplies would fail, or when a large quantity can accomplish what small supplies could not. Men therefore save that they may have; and the inducement to save is proved to be one of the most generally valuable influences, both in the life of the individual and in promoting the welfare of the community. Therefore society watchfully guards the right to the possession of property. There are circumstances under which the State, by what is called the right of eminent domain, takes possession of private property; but it is only when authorized by law and for the general good; and it always makes proper compensation. How far the State should itself acquire property or enter into business in competition with individuals, or as superseding their enterprize, is still largely an open question, and just now very much under discussion. But it does not here concern us.

It is sufficient for us to recognize that it is the duty of a man, as far as may be, to acquire property. And for these reasons: it capitalizes his industry, accumulating its results for future use,

thus increasing his power of service; it is a proper and most desirable provision against the helplessness of age or of invalidism; it is needful in the care of those who may be dependent upon him; it is the only way to secure the perpetuation of the enterprises or interests to which he may have given the best work of his life; and it is a valuable discipline and help in the forming of his character.

The limitation of this duty is found when the accumulation of money is made the supreme object, which makes a man a miser; when the possession of a large amount of money is a danger to the owner because of the temptations it brings to himself or to his children; or when it becomes a peril to the community. This is a situation which many think has already arisen in the United States. It will require the wisdom of our wisest men. It certainly is occasion for grave anxiety in the future. It makes it doubly important that the rights of property and the proper aims and conduct of business be understood.

Legitimate Business, Speculation and Gam-

bling are much confused. The basis of all legitimate business is the supplying of a proper want. A man manufactures shoes, or mines coal, or retails groceries, or exchanges and loans money, because people have need of these things. Because need is as varied as human life, the forms of business vary. We want food delivered to us in small quantities daily and we pay the storekeeper to supply it. We want a house to live in, and we pay the builder once for all to erect it. We want, at times, amusement, and we pay for that. We wish to travel, and the railway transports us. In every case the test of legitimate business is in its bringing a compensation for service rendered. There is a double want, and an exchange to supply it. I want clothes, and the tailor wants money; we exchange my money for his clothes and both are served. He represents the business side of the transaction and he is compensated for the service. But I also am supplied with what I desired. This applies to every legitimate transaction, whether over a spool of thread or a hundred thousand

pieces of print cloths. I may want the thread for immediate use, or the print cloths to sell again, the principle is the same; the dealer has supplied my want.

By Speculation, in its illegitimate sense, is meant buying what one does not want, and cannot, or does not intend to pay for, or selling what one does not possess, and does not intend to furnish. with the sole purpose of settling a margin of difference in price that shall depend upon the fluctuation of the market. It is a transaction in which gain on one side is measured by loss on the other. As when a man agrees to deliver a thousand bushels of wheat in thirty days and when the time comes, if wheat is worth more than the price agreed upon, pays the difference, if it is worth less, collects it. It would seem to be sufficient to point out the peril of selling what one does not own, or buying what one does not want and cannot pay for. But beyond this it is clear that such transactions lie quite outside the realm of business properly so called. Transactions in which of necessity gain on one side

is measured by corresponding loss on the other, appeal to passions that are immoral, and can never be for the public good. They are at best but legitimatized gambling.

The morals of trade are far better than they are supposed to be. It is inconceivable that the great business houses, some of which have stood for more than a hundred years, and whose names are around the world a synonym for integrity, could be established in dishonesty. Far the larger part of the business of the world is done on credit, and credit means trustworthiness. Business integrity was probably never so general as it is to-day, and mutual confidence in matters of business never so well justified. Yet it is true that the term, "the morals of trade," has come to signify a method of dealing which often could not be defended before the bar of common honesty. Here is the shame, that there should be a code "as between gentlemen," or "among friends," and another code for the same men dealing in the ordinary transactions of trade. It has come to pass that what is called "a good

bargain " signifies often a bargain that is very bad for somebody. It is often a euphemism for cheating and lying; and is really a glorying in shame.

It is well for young people to be persuaded that however slippery the ways of some men may be, or however unprincipled an occasional employer may show himself, or however emphatically they may hear it asserted that "the business requires it," or that a different course "is not business," there is no reason for supposing that there are two standards of right and wrong, one for business and another for private life; or that it pays to be dishonest and mean and overreaching in business any better than it does in other relations. The world, even the business world, has not lost its appreciation of honesty, and, much more as honesty is, it is still, even there, the best policy. But whether it is or not, an honest man will be true to himself, in business, as out of it.

## CHAPTER VIII

### OF THE HOME

The home is the center of the strongest influences and the source of the most permanent and sweetest happiness in life. For this reason when it is perverted or destroyed it is the occasion of the greatest misery. Whatever the experiences of the day have been the man who has a happy home returns to it at evening as a haven of rest and peace; and however great the successes of the day the man whose home is the abode of strife and selfishness has his joy changed to gall and bitterness when he turns homeward at night.

The life of the home is a composite of many forces. One egg may spoil an omelet, and, like many an other composition, the home can be spoiled by even one of its many elements. It is a situation in which what appear very little things

are great because of their effect. Because we are born into it, and find it existing everywhere about us, we take it as a matter of course, and are often indifferent to the conditions of its welfare. The bond of the home is affection. It is founded in love, when a man and a woman unite as husband and wife. Love is a strong but very sensitive plant. It survives storms that would uproot an oak, but it responds to changes of atmosphere that a lily would not recognize. It requires thoughtful and wise cultivation; it does not grow simply because it was planted. Mutual helpfulness constitutes its richest soil. This is where children find their place. At first the child is wholly cared for. Its coming into the home is a new and constant demand upon the care of the mother and father. For the time the life of the home revolves about the child. The baby is the center of interest and of affection. It is in itself the great gift to the home and the chief contribution to its happiness. It does not have to do anything. Like beauty, it is "its own excuse for being." In its coming it opens unsus-



pected wells of tenderness and love, and in its demand for hourly care makes proof of an unselfish and glad devotion which gives richest meaning to the very name of mother.

But the time quickly comes when every child must take its own independent and helpful place in the home. This is quite apart from the question whether the home is of the rich or the poor. The danger in the rich man's home is that the day will be put off until it is too late. We all need to find use for our powers. We must have something to do, and something that is worth the doing. When everything is done for us we find little pleasure in it. The child that for the first time does for itself what it has been accustomed to have others do for it, awakens to a new joy: and when for the first time it is helpful to its mother or renders some service in the home, like even the going of an errand, it acquires a new sense of importance. The idle life that is wearisome to men is so for reasons that pertain to our nature. The tramp who prefers to go away unfed rather than shovel aimlessly back

and forth a pile of sand in the yard, is true to the human instinct that leads us all, children and men alike, to want to feel that we are of some use. Then work gives positive pleasure apart from all question of compensation. The contractor does not pass a well-built house which he has erected without a comfortable look at it, and the lad who has hung a picture on the wall does not go through the room without a satisfying glance, if he finds that it is straight. The feeling that the work is for the welfare of others enhances this interest. The girl whose handiwork appears in some decoration of the sitting-room, or whose first well-cooked dish is on the supper table, has come into her own. She has learned the joy of service, and has won her place as a worker in the community of life.

The home differs from other places where work is performed, because of the variety of service that can be rendered and the value that attaches to it. The compensation is not measured in money. To sweep, to dust, to make beds, to mend, to cook, to split the wood, to water the

garden, to care for the cow and horse, to feed the chickens, to shovel the snow, to keep up the fires, all these, in the thousands of homes where they make up the round of daily duties, seem often irksome, but they are so many ways in which children move up to take their place beside their parents in the business of life, and so many bonds to unite them to the home in which they can see their importance as they render a service that is valued. A home that furnishes no opportunity for service of this kind deprives its children of important training and of a constant source of strength. This is the most serious limitation in the home life of the rich. It constitutes a defect in the education and training of their children which it is hard to supply. The knowledge of how common things ought to be done, and the ability to do them; the value of doing things regularly and at the right time; the habit of thoughtfulness, and of doing things by one's own initiative and with one's own energy; the overcoming of the selfishness and laziness with which we all, more or less, are

born; the sense of faculty, and manliness, and having a recognized place in the world, which young people brought up in the useful way acquire; all this it is difficult to supply by any other method. Many a rich and successful man takes his boys to visit his early home, and as he tells them of his boyhood, of its hardships and struggles, its joys and its trials, becomes aware how little it all means to them; and while he rejoices that he can give to them so much which he did not have, wonders what will take the place in their life of the discipline he received, and where they will find a pleasure like that which warms the cockles of his heart even now, as he walks over the fields which he plowed, or climbs the hillside where he drove the cows, or wanders about the old house, every room of which is filled with memories of a blessed life in which he had a real, because a needed and helpful, part. Of course there were many other things which at the time he would rather have done. And he did many other things. He had his fun as his boys have theirs; and he some-

times thinks that his boys do not really know what fun is, as he knew it when it came as a release from "chores," and so often brought that most satisfying pleasure that comes to the boy who has earned the right to play.

Times change, and manner of life changes, but human nature does not change, and boys and girls do not change. The life of the town and the city has largely superseded the life of the village and the country. With our beautiful estates, our well-ordered grounds, our perfectly appointed houses, our expert service within and without, there is little place for children except as a care, and, all too early, the new authority that asserts itself in them. But that is a wise home where the old ideal is cherished, and ways are found for both boys and girls to render useful service, and to enter into that companionship with their parents which rests upon some understanding of what the good things of life have cost.

But with or without such opportunities, there is no home in which much may not be done by

the least member for the common happiness. Cleanliness, order, quiet, tidiness, punctuality, regard for others' comfort, amiability, good temper, these all make up the happiness of the home. It is hard not to be cross when things have gone wrong, or one is tired; to be patient when one does not want to be interrupted; to keep from fretting when one is ill, or from whining over one's petty discomforts; to be kind to those who need our kindness; to restrain angry words; not to nag and say things that annoy; to take pains not to keep others waiting, or to make their tasks harder; to be cheerful when others are despondent; to fight off "the dumps," and indulge in no "grouch"; to be unselfish, and to make a business of doing the things that will make others happy; all this is hard, and it does not come by nature; but it pays; it makes happy homes, and it greatly blesses boys and girls.

We are coming to think more of our homes, in America, than perhaps we have done in the past. The struggle for existence is less arduous

than it once was, when our fathers "waged perpetual feud with trees," and contended with the forest and the prairie for a livelihood and a place to dwell. We have long been without much thought of a permanent abode, and have been carelessly indifferent to our surroundings. We have been too intent on getting on in the world to give attention to beautifying our cities or our homes, at least beyond what would add to their immediate commercial value, and we have done very little to establish or cherish family ties. The claims of business have been over exigent. We have known little of rooting ourselves to the soil. Consequently even the millionaire in his "palatial residence" is heard to confess that he "never expects to feel again as he did when he took his wife to the little four-roomed cottage that was his first home." Already a happy change is coming. Well-to-do men are awakening to the value of getting back upon the soil, and establishing a home in a particular place. They are delighting to have it beautiful, and to develop it along lines that will

make it the expression of themselves, their taste, their care, even their history. They want their children to come back to it and love it; they hope it will long bear their name. The other day a man still in the prime of life, whose self-made business has grown until it has become the center of a great corporation, found it difficult to make his new colleagues believe him to be in earnest when he refused to accept the presidency of the great Trust, with its imposing opportunities for making money, simply because he was not willing to give up his home. This is a new experience, and happily a growing one, in our American life. It is surely destined to continue, and will offer a new ambition, as it will create a new joy for our young people. But a home cannot be made of brick and stone, however imposing the attempt; and the old ideal of "love in a cottage" still stands as the blessed abode of what we still call "the homely virtues," as it testifies that it is neither the cottage nor the palace, but the love, that makes life glad.



## CHAPTER IX

### OF SPORT

A great English schoolmaster who has recently died, Edward Bowen, of Harrow, had two maxims which he pressed upon his boys. "Take the bitter and the sweet, as sweet and bitter come," and "Always play the game." If one cannot take the bitter and the sweet as sweet and bitter come, that is if he cannot lose without losing his temper, or win without boasting, he ought not to play. As old George Herbert says:

"Play not for gain, but sport; who plays for  
more  
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his  
heart."

The two great evils in the way of honest Sport are Professionalism and Outlawry. Professionalism is using the game for individual

advantage. When a man is so expert in billiards, or ball playing, or cards, as to attract attention for his skill, or easily to surpass his usual competitors, the temptation arises to turn his skill to his profit, sometimes for money, sometimes for cups, and sometimes for a professional reputation. Then he ceases to play the game for sport, and at once becomes the embodiment of all the selfish passions and interests that come in to vitiate honest pleasure, and to make play a trade. It is as legitimate for a young man to join a professional ball team, for example, as it is to be a trapeze performer at the circus, or an actor on the stage. If he can fill the position he will earn an honorable, and often considerable, compensation, and give a great deal of pleasure to the public. The evil arises not with those who make a business of their profession, but with those who take advantage of their position as amateurs to profit by it. The lovers of the game for the sake of the game naturally do all in their power to protect the sport as sport. We have as a nation all too

few opportunities for simple, and especially outdoor, social pleasures. These can only be preserved by care in guarding them against the introduction of whatever creates strife, or awakens passion, or ministers to greed and selfishness. A single player, however skillful he may be, and all the more if he is skillful, who enters the game with a different purpose, carries with him a spirit which will destroy the whole. Maintaining the right spirit is made the test of the "gentleman" in all sport; and gentlemen are in honor bound to bar the professional and professionalism. The "cup-hunter" belongs in spirit to this class.

The other evil is Outlawry; that is the disposition to disregard the rules of the game. This is the mark of the cad. Rules are necessary, as sport is not possible without them, but some people are so constituted as always to want to break the rules, and some find in them a constant temptation to cheat. Right-minded players will not only be punctilious in their own regard for the rules, but they will require others to be so in the

interest of true sport. Umpires are often necessary, as when the game is intricate and there are many players. But there are many things the umpire does not see; and the player, or the side, which takes advantage of this to make unlawful play or to do illegitimate acts is disgraced. No adequate apology can be offered. The same is obviously true in smaller games in which umpires are not used and every player is understood to be upon his honor. There is but one rule in regard to those who cheat; that is, not to play with them. And if a player has to be watched, it is well to recognize that the game is not worth the candle, and may better be abandoned. To get the reputation of breaking the rules, or of a disposition to cheat, ought to be a disgrace. For a similar reason rowing with the umpire, and continually squabbling with the other side, are unworthy as marking a desire to gain every advantage, even at the price of destroying the pleasure of the game. If it could be remembered that the supreme object of sport is pleas-

ure, and that skill is always to be coveted because it contributes to the pleasure, it would not seem difficult to settle upon both proper rules and proper conduct. The "honor of a gentleman," and the conduct and the courtesy of a gentleman, are indispensable in all true sport.

No vice is more corrupting than gambling. Other vices are apt to exhaust themselves with men's advancing years. The carnal passions and appetites wear out in time. But the gambler never changes. To the last he sees before him the *ignis fatuus* of sudden gain which he has always pursued. He is of all men the most unsafe. The drunkard has periods when the passion of drink is not on him, or discloses himself in his drunkenness and falls into helplessness. The sensual man betrays himself in his sensuality and reaches a swift end. But the gambler has not a moment's surcease from his passion. He loses all distinction of truth and honor. He will take the money of his nearest friend and put at stake the house over his children's head or the last dollar of his widowed

mother. The name is generally reserved for those who are known to be surrendered utterly to the passion, or who pursue gambling as a business. Many gamble who would be horrified to be called gamblers and would resent the suggestion that they are in any danger, or even that they are doing anything wrong. Professional gambling need not be considered. Young men who go to gambling houses know what they are doing and deserve no sympathy. It is the shearing of fools. The chief difficulty is with gambling in more familiar conditions and in more seductive forms. Because this is so prevalent and has so many who justify it, it is necessary that the vice of gambling be clearly defined. There are gentlemen and ladies who say that they consider what they may lose over a social game played for money as merely so much paid for an evening's entertainment. The fallacy of the statement should be understood, and the flimsy excuse pilloried.

Gambling is a transaction in which, generally by some sort of game or device of chance, prop-

erty is transferred from one to another without compensation, where men get what they do not pay for, and where gain on one side is measured by loss on the other; as in betting, raffling, playing cards for money and the like. The devices are innumerable, from betting on a horse race and gambling with cards to "voting" schemes by which gifts of value, trips to Europe and the like, are given to excellent people through the zeal and sacrifices of their friends, but at the price of money paid by innumerable other people who do not wish the person favored to have the benefit and who have done all in their power to secure it for someone else. The law generally defines the offence with sufficient accuracy. It involves the transfer of money or articles of value over some sort of hazard or game of chance, where there is some kind of mutual agreement, and no pretence of an equivalent rendered. The gain to one is measured by the loss to others. The vice of gambling, under whatever device, lies in its appeal to one of the fiercest of human passions, the greed

of possession, in its arraying the interest of one person against that of others and so stimulating selfishness, and in this way undermining both the foundations of character and the essential conditions of human society. Where the thing at stake is of small value and the beneficiary of the scheme is some worthy cause, as with raffles and euchre parties in aid of churches and charities, it is sometimes difficult to see the immediate harm. But the principle stands, and the spread of the gambling spirit as well as of the gambling habit in circles of society where it was little known has now become marked. There is every reason, therefore, for keeping clear of all that gives excuse for it. The situation was well described in the composition of a tall, lank youth much older than his class, in a Western school, who, being compelled against his protest to write a composition upon Virtue, produced this: "Virtue is a hard thing to get a holt of. When you do get a holt, you had better keep it," and signed it John Wolf.

When Edward Bowen urged his boys always



to "play the game," he had in mind a game worth playing for its own sake. It needed no adventitious attraction of money, or even of prizes beyond what might serve to record an honorable triumph, as the greatest games of antiquity gave the victor only a garland of pine leaves. Then he would have his lads put their heart into it and play it for all they were worth, knowing that in so doing they were exhibiting the right spirit, and winning the courage and the nerve that would fit them for the later and greater contests of real life, as Wellington testified that Waterloo was won at Eton and Harrow. There is no better maxim than that of Edward Bowen to-day.

## CHAPTER X

### OF ANIMALS

Animals have no morals, but we have moral relations to them. No boy who carried home in his arms his first puppy and saw him grow into the dog who became his hourly companion, sharing all his sports and understanding his every motion and thought, needs to be told that animals can play a large part in the life of men. While we cannot properly apply morality to them, their conduct is the reflex of ours, and the brute in them is developed or subdued, according as the brute is developed or subdued in the men with whom they associate. The wolfish curs about an Indian wigwam, or in the streets of Constantinople, as compared with the gentle and intelligent companion in our homes, are evidence of vastly different stages of civilization; as the petted mare of the Bedouin Arab and the abused

team in the coal wagon mark the different temper of the men who use them. Our happiness is largely affected by the animal life about us, and in turn our life powerfully affects theirs.

The rights of animals grow out of two considerations, the fact that they are sentient beings, and the fact that our treatment of them reacts powerfully upon ourselves. An obligation similar to that under which we are to make the most of ourselves rests upon us to do our part in securing the same privilege to animals, so far as they are a part of the great universe to which we all belong, and so far as their development may contribute to the life that is above them. This is the simple law of all existence. Because animals are sentient, and often to a very high degree, their possibilities are so great as to stand next to our own. Under the limitation above mentioned animals have the right to life, freedom, and the pursuit of happiness. They are to be protected against suffering and wanton injury. Unimpeded by man, they find pleasure in the exercise of their faculties, and often develop

marvelous ability in their various ways. The habits of the ant and the bee, the nest-building of the bird, the cunning of the fox, the skill of the beaver, the shrewdness of an old cat or cow, are a matter of constant wonder and delight. Animals that have become subservient to man, giving up their native freedom that they may enter his service, the dog, the ox, the horse, are entitled to receive from man the assistance they now require in the education of their natural faculties. They have the right to be trained, if not so far as to attain to their fullest possibilities (and we are constantly surprised at the extent to which this may go with the horse and dog and even the pig), at least to that degree which will permit their living comfortably in association with men. An untrained dog and an unbroken horse are a nuisance to men, and consequently an injury to themselves. If for our own pleasure or service we deprive an animal or a race of animals of its native freedom, we owe it such care and instruction as will take the place of the opportunities nature provided for it. Given this,

they respond so effectively that the animal in domesticity advances in the scale of intelligence and well being far beyond his wild congener, as the thoroughbred dog or horse is superior to the wolf and the mustang, or the Jersey cow is to the wild ox.

But beyond this we find that a man's treatment of animals reacts powerfully upon himself. He cannot be cruel or brutal without being brutalized, nor can he be indifferent to their welfare without being hardened in his own sensibilities. We are shocked, therefore, when we see a little child torturing a bird, or a boy cruelly treating a cat, not simply because of our sympathy with the animal, but because of the effect upon the child. We shudder to think what he may become if the trait so exhibited is allowed to go on unchecked. We protest against a driver cruelly beating his horse, for the horse's sake, and for the man's sake, and also for the sake of the whole community, which is injured and debased by the exhibition. A merciful man is merciful to his beast, because he is a merciful man; and a man or

boy who is not thoughtfully careful and tender is in danger of becoming wantonly cruel. No boy has a more wholly satisfying pleasure than the one who owns some animal, a horse, a dog, chickens, pigeons, rabbits, which are dependent upon his care, respond to his affection and give evidence of his teaching. It is a pleasure unlike any other open to a boy, and one that is as wholesome as it is satisfying. The first real sorrow that comes to many a boyish heart is in the death of a pet. It is the opening of wells of tenderness that might otherwise long have remained closed and the revelation of human sensibilities which boys are often made to believe they wholly lack.

Some people are troubled over the killing of animals as game, and the butchering of them for food. There ought to be no difficulty upon either point. The law of existence is that every order of being is subservient to the needs and uses of that above it. As an old fisherman said to a lad gazing into the water from the dock in Gloucester, " Yes, the mussels eat the spiles, and the starfish eat the mussels, and the cod eat the

starfish, and we eat the cod." That is in accord with the order of existence established by the Creator. Game birds and beasts not only supply man food, but they minister to him in far more important ways. They furnish him the opportunity and the excitement which enable him to cast aside wearing cares, to resort to the forest, the mountain and the river, to match his otherwise dull and dormant faculties against those of his quarry, and with a zest which renews his every power to return to his accustomed task a refreshed and remade man. Any one who says "Two men and a horse and a dog, a whole day's fatigue, and only a few poor birds which might have been bought in the market!" knows nothing of what he is talking about. So long as men must work as men have to work nowadays, with racked nerves and jaded brains, they can well afford all it costs to "go a hunting," and can thank God that He endowed wild game with such powers of escape that a man must exercise his every faculty to catch them, for in that effort he is saving often his own life. In

any case he is enjoying a perfectly proper and healthful sport. No true sportsman will be cruel. If game is killed it will be done in a sportsman-like way, that is, expeditiously, only in such quantity as excludes waste, and under the conditions which pertain to sport. The "pot-hunter" belongs with the butcher. Both are excellent in their way, but their business is to be justified only because men need food, and nature has made man carnivorous. Animals are provided to meet that want. The day when "the lion shall eat straw like the ox" belongs to another stage of existence. Meanwhile whatever may be said of the quantity of proteid there is in the frugal bean, men who have to do the work of the world and need red blood may well be thankful that they have roast beef. It would be difficult to show that "the cattle upon a thousand hills" can be put to a better use, or that they ever would have been there but for this requirement.

Vivisection, which is the study of the functions of life and the operation of various drugs upon



living animals, is greatly discussed from the standpoint of morals. Cruelty or the infliction of unnecessary pain is always wrong. How far and under what conditions vivisection is proper is a matter for scientific determination. There can be no hard and fast rule. What have been the actual results that have been attained by it scientific men alone are competent to say. Presumably it would not long be continued if it bore no valuable fruit. Anæsthetics of various form would seem now to have minimized the necessity for even the appearance of cruelty. If, as is charged, there is still much unnecessary work of the kind carried on, the responsibility for its suppression and for determining the conditions under which it shall be permitted must rest with the medical and scientific institutions, and the great body of scientific men. Public opinion can do little more than protest against cruelty and insist upon the acceptance of a proper responsibility with an adequate supervision. Meanwhile Coleridge's well-known lines express the feeling in every right-minded heart:

“ He prayeth well who loveth well,  
Both man and bird and beast,  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things, both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.”

## CHAPTER XI

### OF MEDIOCRITY

Some one has said that God shows what He thinks of the common people in that He has made so many of them. The inference would seem to be that all that we have to do is to be of the "common people," and be content. The fact is that the common people would have a very hard time if it were not for the uncommon ones. Boys would still be toiling in the mines pulling the ropes that open and shut the valves of the pumping engines if Humphrey Potter in 1713, or some other lad like him, had not had the happy thought to tie the ropes to the spokes of the revolving flywheel so that the engine should open and close its own valves. The stalled passenger train would have remained on the rails helpless the other day if the farmer's boy sitting on the fence had not suggested that

they cut loose the rear car and push it back up the grade far enough to let it run down with the bump that would start the disabled engine off its "dead center."

The uncommon men have been from the beginning of time helping the common men out of their difficulties and showing them how to better their condition in life. The progress of the world depends not on the number of its common, but of its uncommon men. The question before every youth, therefore, is, To which class shall I try to belong? With the majority the conditions are fixed. They cannot be very different from what they are. If one belongs to that class it is wise to be content, and to try to make the most of the conditions. Often that effort is all that is necessary to constitute one uncommon, and his work exceptional; for the uncommon man is often merely one who does common things in an uncommon way. But should we be contented with being common, when we might be something more? That is the great question of life. For if we are placed

here to work out a plan, to attain an ideal, as the rose is to become the American Beauty, then we shall be judged at last not simply by what we are, but by what we might have been.

Here is the mistake of those who are contented with mediocrity. Many young people get into the way of thinking that if they do things "well enough," that will serve. They study merely to pass the examination; they are content with a smattering of a language; they read just enough to get an idea of a subject; they come out of school or college little more than tarred over with the college brush. If they are employed in factory or store they do things just well enough to escape rebuke or discharge. The chief business of the day is to get through, no matter how little work is done, or how ill done it may be. These are the fellows who fall into a grade below the common. They are generally out of a job and hunting around for the living which they think the world owes them.

The challenge which life makes to every man is to come up higher, to do what he has to do a

little better, to know a little more, to enjoy a little more keenly, to understand more thoroughly, to will more effectively, and so to be a little more of a man than he has been. When a man ceases to hear this call he falls into an accepted mediocrity which is the mark of his decay. Self-sufficiency and ignorance bring on this state in some men early. Advancing years are the ready excuse of many. Shiftlessness is the real cause with the multitude. But there are some who, as men say, are "always young." They are keen to know, to do, to enjoy. Years only widen their interests and enlarge their knowledge. When the end comes they seem fitted for a life beyond by the splendid use they have made of this life. They have entered into the plans of their Maker and have become all that He would have them be. Alfred de Musset, a great French poet, endowed with faculties so transcendent as to give to him the promise of a place among the immortals, lost his faith at twenty-seven, dropped into an impure life and relapsed into a silence and unproductiveness that lasted twenty-five years until

he sank into a premature grave. Compare this with the career of Victor Hugo or Tennyson or Browning with their broad sympathies, their steady energy, their ceaseless effort at high attainment and productivity, and the full life splendidly crowned.

It is permitted only to the immortals to be such as they. But we can catch their spirit and value their method. The initial step is a God-given discontent. We can be continually unwilling to do less than our best or to remain unstirred with a worthy ambition. To present half-learned lessons, to leave work half done, to be content with games ill played, to shuffle through life generally, slippered and ungirt, and to be content with this, is the shame. Against this the manly spirit protests. There is always within our reach something, at least, of a kinder patience, a less moody cheerfulness, a more thoughtful gentleness, a steadier self-control, a more practiced unselfishness, a heartier willingness to accept life as it comes, the bitter and the sweet, and to "play the game." That is to



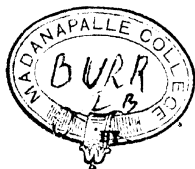




# LOGIC.

PART FIRST.

## DEDUCTION.



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